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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

One of the grave problems facing almost every government of the world is that of unemployment. To find suitable work for every citizen is a problem indeed. In the Welfare State the problem assumes a new aspect. The economic aspect of the problem occupies a very prominent place in the consideration of both the citizen and the State.

The Enlightened One, Gotama Buddha, was at pains to point out that a right mode of livelihood is necessary for the advancement of both the citizen and the State; He named it as one of the steps of the Noble Eightfold Path. *Samma-ajivo* is translated in different ways—as "Right Vocation"; "Right Occupation"; "Right Discipline"; as "to follow a Peaceful Calling"; "to earn a Right Livelihood."

What is right self-discipline? Here mendicant brothers, the discipline of the noble, who abandoning ill discipline, gets his living (jivikam) by right discipline (samma-ajivena).

The Noble Eightfold Path is not only for the feet of the monk; the householder, the layman who respects the Dhamma of the Great One, is also expected to observe the eight practices. He also must possess the Right Outlook, the Right Will and the Right Speech, etc. The layman walks the path at a lower turn of the spiral; he is not expected to be so strict and thorough as the Bhikkhu. The latter's vocation and discipline and peaceful calling are of a different category. But the layman is also a wayfarer, and it seems that the Master meant that he should earn his bread not by begging but by a proper means of livelihood. The implication is that the layman's vocation, or calling in life, should be counted and looked upon as a means to self-discipline.

Discipline is demanded by the modern employer. Every employee, whatever his vocation or occupation, is called upon to observe and honour the discipline of the organization to which he belongs. It is not always self-discipline but mostly a discipline

imposed from without. The motive of the employee for observing the discipline is pay and other monetary considerations. A clerk, an accountant, a manager, or a spinner, a weaver, a factory foreman, do not look upon their occupations as avenues to mental and moral development. For the employee, the elevation of his mind and the improvement of his character are not vital considerations. The unfolding of consciousness through a proper recognition of one's own profession or trade or employment is hardly dreamt of. Such a thought would be ridiculed; if one presents it one is told, "Don't jest," "Don't be absurd."

The Man of Insight *par excellence*, one of the most practical of men of affairs, was the Buddha Gotama. He named the unlawful occupations for the layman: trade in swords, in human beings, in meat, in intoxicants and in poisons. Time, place and circumstance naturally make a difference; we are not living in 600 B.C. But the implication that moral principles are involved in choice of vocation or occupation or means of livelihood remains true for today.

Are we destructive or creative in and through our profession? Do we bring harm or health to others through our trade? Are we increasing the force of violence or spreading the beneficence of harmlessness through our occupation? Who among us today asks these questions when selecting his means of livelihood, or in applying for a job, or in starting a career? Only thoughtful and responsible individuals sense and face the issue. And even among those only such as have freed themselves from the influence of our civilization are awake to the implications of this truth.

How many young persons seeking employment reflect upon the moral principles involved? The predominant motive is to earn money. People are willing to discipline themselves provided there is monetary compensation. In these days of the black market, commercial "honesty" and cut-throat competition, who bothers about the "Peaceful Callings" which the Great Master described, in the *Maha Mangala Sutta*, as one of the greatest blessings?

And yet we look for security in life and labour. We fear competition from others while we ourselves are competing. Are we making ourselves channels of security for others, our co-citizens? Are we raising our voices against our nation and our government making the existence of other States and peoples insecure? Do we not fool ourselves with the help of perverted ingenuity? Machinations of the mind for deluding others deteriorate our own mind, and we begin to live in delusions.

The teachings of the Divine Man of Compassionate Mind and Enlightened Heart have a practical application for men in Wall Street, in Fleet Street, in Harley Street and in every

other, where capitalists or communists, priests or professionals, are busy plying their thoughts and making their plans. Those teachings can bring about an Inner Conversion among the residents of those streets. Thus the true *Vaishya Dharma,* the Religion of Pure Trade, will be followed. There is redemption for modern civilization in this: man will not become transformed into a machine, but the machine will acquire a human, nay a divine, quality, because of the regenerate man.

SHRAVAKA

MUSIC: HIGH AND LOW

Music in Education, a recent Unesco publication of 335 pages, reports the International Conference on the Role and Place of Music in the Education of Youth and Adults which was held at Brussels from June 29th to July 9th, 1953. It covers a wide range of problems, from the democratization of musical studies and the training of teachers to the contribution which music can make to international understanding. In connection with the last, we would suggest the necessity for training in the appreciation of music of wholly unaccustomed types, before it can be expected to play this role. Without such preparatory training, only a painful effect may be produced on the startled ear.

While *Music in Education* deals largely with Western music, it is saved from regionalism by the inclusion of India, Japan and the Philippines. Dr. V. Raghavan of the University of Madras, who participated in the Conference, made an admirable and suggestive contribution on "The Present State of Music Education in the Asiatic Continent," with special reference to India. He brings out very interestingly "the complete musical permeation of people's life in India," where music and particularly folk songs are associated with nearly every department of human activity. The properly trained professional musician is well described as "the bearer, interpreter and transmitter of a high tradition."

Dr. Raghavan brought out that the outstanding makers of music in India had ever been saints and teachers. "The power of music to melt the heart and keep it in attunement had been fully realized, and whatever the form of worship, music had always been resorted to as an accessory of devotion." But the ennobling effect pertained only to music of the higher type. Music of a lower type, instead of contributing to the peace and poise of the spirit, might excite and inflame passion. The Indian scriptures condemned this low voluptuous music. But, he said, the true Indian music had a contribution to make in the international sphere:—

> ...its high philosophy as a *yoga* for the stilling of human passions, the transcending of the fever of mundane preoccupations, and the attainment of spiritual equipoise. For the consummation of this sublime end our melodic art is indeed far more potent, the melodic art which we still preserve but which you too once had.

E.M.H.

CAN LITERATURE PROVIDE A RELIGION OF LIFE?

[**Miss Stella Gibbons** is the author of several books, including *The Shadow of a Sorcerer*, *Beside the Pearly Water* and *Cold Comfort Farm*. Here she attempts to answer a difficult and important question which is rarely raised in these days of confused and aimless writing. We are grateful to her for the fearless way in which she proclaims the responsibility of the writer, especially of popular novels. He must indeed be "careful not to prostitute the words that are his tools by forcing them to act as substitutes for smells and sights and sounds." How many writers question themselves impartially, as Miss Gibbons advocates, when they feel "the impulse to describe in detail a disease or a hideous action"? Although there is a general acceptance of the impact of literature upon contemporary life and *vice versa*, many a writer today is lacking in moral integrity and intellectual honesty and is therefore unable to fulfil his finer obligations to his profession and to his reading public.—Ed.]

The title of this essay should be examined a little before we begin to think about its subject.

A religion is, of course, more important, necessary and valuable than a philosophy. A religion will take the human being who fully and successfully practises it through this life and hopefully into the next. A philosophy, however practical or even lofty, will only help him through this world, which Jesus Christ is said to have called "a bridge." A philosophy, in short, is a weapon, but a religion is a lamp.

It could scarcely be denied that literature, taken in its widest sense and including works which have had tremendous influence although they lack literary graces, can provide a philosophy of life. Two such works may be named at once, one of them written within living memory: Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Karl Marx's *Das Kapital*. Neither book would have had such power over the lives of millions of humble people if the philosophies expressed in their pages had not been, so to speak, backed up by brute force; nevertheless, the ground for the power had to be prepared, and that work was done in the case of *Das Kapital* by the educated men and women who first read the book and spread the ideas which it contained, so that its influence extended in ever-widening circles. Hitler's confused, turgid and cynical work appeared in an age when means of communication had been greatly extended and thus it directly reached the masses whom it was meant to corrupt (let us write "whom," rather than "which," bad grammar though it be, for in the view of God there are no masses, there are souls).

Both books, then, have provided millions with a working philosophy of life. The ideas which they body

forth are partly true. In the case of *Mein Kampf* they spring from hate and are pernicious; and in that of *Das Kapital* time has, almost with a kind of suave mockery and using the very means which Marx advocated and desired, proved the prophecies of class war which he made to be wrong. But, however confused, and falsely wise before the event, and corrupt, the two volumes may be, their power cannot be evaded or denied. Great was the influence of Rousseau upon the Europe and America which existed before the French Revolution; it might be said with little exaggeration that he made that upheaval, he and the educated people who came beneath his spell; but *Mein Kampf* and *Das Kapital* have, because of the increase in populations and the widened power of communication, possessed the greater power.

Part of their spell (and, make no mistake, such books do wield a spell, possessing authority both of information and of conviction, and being also infused with passions upon which their writers draw as if they were a hidden well)—part of their attractive power is also due to the fact that most human beings, in the Western world at least, need the help of some force outside themselves to help them contend with the always increasing complexities of modern life, in which they feel helpless, passive and drowning. Science has taken away the old respect for religious dogma which formerly played this rescuer's part. It has not destroyed, and cannot destroy, the thirst of mankind for God because this thirst, however faintly felt, is part of mankind's fundamental structure, unescapable as the shape of the human body. We are created creatures. That most of us neither know this nor feel it does not alter the fact.

So the philosophy of life expressed in literature is welcomed. Particularly in America, where that good and well-meaning race is struggling to realize the nature of its future responsibilities and to shoulder them, is it welcomed. Books which teach the power of prayer and loving-kindness sell in millions, and books which teach the technique of material success, based upon tact and hard work and sympathetic "handling" of fellow creatures, sell equally well. (It will be noticed that "literature" is still being used to mean, almost literally, the printed word as opposed to the spoken word. The books described above seldom have æsthetic literary value, being rather practical handbooks.)

No doubt many of the people who have been helped by the advice given in such volumes would describe the philosophy thus acquired as "my religion." Nevertheless, in such practical philosophies many of the qualities which have always been possessed by all the great religions seem lacking. There is little mystery, reverence, passivity to the Will of God, or the holy fear which is named awe. All is sunlight

and energy, which are adorable and desirable in themselves but surely only a *part* of the Nature of God?

Philosophies disguised as religions, then, are welcomed. Undisguised religions, presented in any form, including the literary or æsthetic, are not so welcomed.

This may be because the human race has passed through, during the last half-century, some of the most terrible and miserable years in its history, and has had to endure so much fear (the base form of awe) and passivity in the face of apparently unpreventable powers. It is perhaps natural that we should now demand sunlight, and energy, and results. We prefer to shut our eyes to that side of our religion which accepts suffering and goes through it into holy joy, and there has been set up in most readers a strong "sales-resistance" to preaching in any form but the most cheerful; to "act like a Christian" now means to be a good neighbour and nothing more.

So the writer, the young writer just beginning, who loves what is good and desires, perhaps almost unconsciously, to add his tiny song of praise to the glorifying God which is described in Ralph Hodgson's poem "The Song of Honour"—this young writer will find himself faced with difficulties which he would not have faced fifty years ago.

Let us take an imaginary novelist, Henry Gifford, and assume that in 1900 he wrote a novel called *The Difficult Road*. It told the story of a man who struggled with strong passions and attained peace and honour through self-sacrifice. The story was much praised by the critics, who could give it a great deal of space in the numerous literary magazines of the day, and in the weekly column devoted in most newspapers to literature, and people talked about the book a great deal because there was not much else, except politics and the weather, to talk about. The play that was made from the novel had a long run, and the actions of the chief character influenced in a desirable way many young people then growing up and some middle-aged ones who had their own difficulties. The plot was sufficiently tragic to silence those who would have compared it unfavourably, on the score of mealy-mouthedness, with the "realistic" novels of Émile Zola; and it was handled with sufficient art to give an example to Monsieur Zola, for Henry Gifford took it for granted that his readers, being men and women, knew something about the human body and how it works.

When, in 1940, many large houses were destroyed by bombing in the fashionable part of London, copies of *The Difficult Road* were found among the ruins of what had been the servants' quarters, showing that the uneducated had also come under the book's influence. Books by Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, two writers whose confused and violent stories were nevertheless

on the side of the angels, were also found there, but there could be no doubt that Henry Gifford's book, like its less sensitive companions, had been well read. It could with justice be said that the writer, Henry Gifford, had by his work contributed his mite to the Goodness in the world.

In 1955 his grandson, Julian Gifford, wrote a book called *B 69*, the story of a killer-road, a great highway running out of London. He described the lives of the people living in a group of houses built along the road, writing with detachment of their adultery, boredom, sensualities and frustrations, and how the accidents on the road, which he described with full medical details, and its continual droning roar of traffic affected their nerves, and what they did. He showed neither admiration for such good qualities as they had nor condemnation of their failings. The book was a best seller, and, after it was filmed, was seen by millions of people all over the world. They left the cinema halls with a feeling of mingled disturbance and dreariness which hardly any of them realized was due to the violent, exciting and ugly scenes which they had been watching. The realism of the book was praised by critics. One or two speakers over the air in Great Britain and some on television screens in America said that it should wake people up to do something about road accidents.

It could with justice be said that the writer, Julian Gifford, had added, by his work, to the sum of violence, ugliness and sensual imaginings in the world. Thus accused, Julian Gifford might defend himself by saying that he had been true to his vision of the world in his writing and that this is the duty of every artist. The problem here raised is complex and must be carefully and honestly considered.

It is only in comparatively recent times that the artist has been regarded by public opinion as a being without social obligations and duties, free to follow the laws made by his own temperament and gifts. Formerly he possessed a place in society, beautifying and edifying it by his work and making concessions to its laws. Today he seems to have no place there, but is granted unlimited freedom to express himself as he chooses, without a sense of his responsibility to the community in which he lives.

Few artists today would admit the fact but in the past, whether they realized it or not, artists worked to the glory of God.

Does our imaginary Julian Gifford, a small artist but nevertheless one who might add his contribution to a Religion of Life, feel that he is writing with a responsibility to society and to the glory of God? Or does he feel that his sensitive imagination has received such a blow from the uglinesses and sensualities of the contemporary world

that he must relieve the strain by getting it on to paper and sharing it with readers? Was this what Nicholas Monsarrat felt when he wrote his unforgivable *Story of Esther Costello,* which has been such a success in America?

The line between righteous indignation and gloating interest can be a very fine one.

All writers who are true writers wish for hundreds upon thousands of readers, and most readers are simple people. Does our Julian Gifford realize, as his grandfather did, that his book may indirectly influence many different kinds of people: troubled spinsters, young people struggling with religious doubt, the disgruntled, the neurotic, the lonely and betrayed and despairing? Is it likely that any of these people will be saved from some undesirable action by reading about someone who took a fatal step, or be redeemed from violence by reading about sexuality in excess? Surely the most valuable work of books is to create a climate in which such evils find it difficult to flourish. We know too well from the terrible example of the "horror-comic" that the other kind of climate is fatally easy to create.

It would take courage today for a writer to confess that he wished to elevate his readers. He prefers to warn, scarify and horrify; the wish to teach or to convey noble sentiments seems to be absent. This may be largely due to the influence of that French school of naturalistic realism which began with de Laclos's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and reached its finest example in *Madame Bovary*. The latter, though dealing with ignoble subjects, implies the value of nobility by contrast; it is also charged with a detached sense of pity. The effect of this novel upon literary criticism has been to make pity, as a quality in serious literature, valued above all others. Irony, detachment and pity are the Three Graces of contemporary criticism. The writer who displays more positive tendencies is accused of sentimentality, falsity and (final sin) preaching.

It has not been possible in this brief essay to come to any definite conclusions. If it is really necessary to make a summing up, let it be said cautiously that books alone cannot provide a Religion of Life unless, like the two works, *Das Kapital* and *Mein Kampf,* they provide a philosophy disguised as a religion and backed up with force. When books are "good," in the sense that angels and saints are good, their effect may be said to resemble, of course at an infinite remove, what Mr. Aldous Huxley has called in his book *The Perennial Philosophy* "the delicate touches of the Spirit."

It is because the writer quite simply cannot know where and how and when his work will influence his fellow creatures that he must be so careful about what he writes;

being true to his artist's picture of the world, yet careful not to prostitute the words that are his tools by forcing them to act as substitutes for smells and sights and sounds; taking care not to relieve his own wounded soul and imagination at the expense of a reader's feelings; pondering his characters; and questioning himself impartially when he feels the impulse to describe in detail a disease or a hideous action. Jesus Christ is supposed to have said, in one of the many apocryphal legends told of Him, that what is taken into the mind does not matter; it is what comes out that is important, and perhaps the writer should take this to heart. It is a saying which the over-sensitive and despairing writer should particularly consider. Is it really satisfying to have made upon the mind of an equally sensitive reader a wound or stain that may linger for days? Words have a power little short of terrible.

Let this brief study of a difficult question end upon hope, upon an idea which perhaps has beauty in it. The writer, Bergotte, in Marcel Proust's great, deformed novel *Remembrance of Things Past,* dies, and the author tells us how around the bed where he lies at rest his books "watch like angels." An angel is a messenger, flying, wandering, alighting, straying all over the world but always bearing carefully the burden of his message. That is how those books should be thought of which make their infinitesimal contribution to the sum of good in Creation.

STELLA GIBBONS

WORLD BROTHERHOOD

At the Indian Institute of Culture in Bangalore, Dr. William A. Shimer of Honolulu, Executive Director of the Asia-Pacific Division of the international World Brotherhood organization, gave a lecture on "Brotherhood and Science" on August 27th.

His theme was that a scientific approach to human relations had to be made if work for world brotherhood was to be effective. It is the total elimination of prejudices, be they religious, racial or communal, that is to be aimed at. Prejudice, he said, had been defined as a systemic or endemic disease. Therefore the whole system had to be cleared of it and the character itself altered.

The work of the World Brotherhood organization lay not so much in organizing large public appeals as in working through existing bodies and giving direction to the wider applications to which their efforts might be directed for more cosmopolitan living. The World Brotherhood organization works through education, religious and other groups, labour and management committees, and communications, that is, the press, the radio, the cinema, etc. The organization takes no part in politics. Dr. Shimer hoped to establish several centres for the work of the organization during his visit to India. Why? Cannot existing organizations be properly utilized?

J.O.M.

THE SPIRIT OF VIENNA

[Vienna's recent release from inordinately prolonged Occupation lends topical interest to **Mr. R. M. Fox's** impressions of the city long justly famous for her culture and her mellow charm.—Ed.]

Always I had wanted to see Vienna—that hapless city of the Hapsburgs—long famed for its friendliness, its art, music and careless gaiety. In recent years its history has been tragic, for it was caught and crushed between the military powers of East and West. My opportunity came when the P.E.N. held its International Congress in the Austrian capital.

Until one visits this city it is hard to realize just how much damage was done by the war. Vienna has been under military domination for seventeen years, first by Hitler and then by the four Allied armies. Hitler deprived it progressively of food and of liberty, striving to fit it into his nightmare of Prussian jack-boots and uniforms. But it was the invasion, towards the end of the war, that exposed Vienna to the full horror. The retreating Nazis, after setting fire to the lovely, historic structure of St. Stephen's Cathedral, fought their battle with the Russians over the prostrate city, which received such shattering blows that even today—after years of reconstruction—there are heaps of rubble and gaping holes in every quarter.

On my first evening in Vienna, before the P.E.N. Congress opened, I visited the Prater, the famous amusement centre. This is dominated by the Big Wheel which figured in Orson Welles's film *The Third Man*. The bus left me in a No Man's Land of piled debris. I crossed holes in the roadway by means of narrow planks, like gangways, and squeezed round heaps of stone, concrete and brickwork. The amusement booths in the Prater are distinctly ghostly and Gothic in their appeal. Three white, bony skeletons with grinning skulls decorated a dark cavern. A vulture with electric green eyes and outspread wings hovered over another. There are misshapen giants and dwarfs, carefully calculated to raise a thrill of horror. But the cracked pasteboard and faded paint of the booths made little impression alongside the real horror of war.

The Congress headquarters were in the Palais Pallavicini and the round of receptions and other functions soon made delegates familiar with the ornate yet very real splendour which had marked Austria during the Hapsburg days. Vienna has proud traditions. It was originally a Celtic settlement. The Romans, under Augustus, extended its boundary as far as the Danube and named it Vindomia, a name which it held for nearly 500 years. Marcus Aurelius, Emperor

and philosopher, is supposed to have died here in 180 A.D. Historic landmarks abound. One of the most striking is the monument in the Graben, erected in stone in 1692 to replace the former wooden structure. An ornate piece of statuary, in the prevailing baroque style, it commemorates the terrible visitation of the Black Plague when thousands of victims died in this stricken city. They are buried beneath the now busy thoroughfare of the Graben, literally, "graves."

St. Stephen's Cathedral began centuries ago as a Romanesque building, and has seen many changes like the city itself. Vienna was an outpost in the struggle against the invasion of Europe by the Turks and now stands as a gateway—and a possible link—between East and West. As the centre of the "Holy Roman Empire"—lasting till 1806—it held a position of great importance and was, for a time, the third largest city in Europe.

In my mind were these ancient glories as I passed through the battered streets. The buildings, because of their heavily ornamented style, seemed even bigger than they are, while the many statues of herculean struggling figures of men and beasts expressed a violence which seemed natural to this maelstrom of races and cultures. I also noted numerous statues of famous musicians who have lived and worked in Vienna: Mozart, Strauss, Beethoven—they are like a mighty roll-call of melody rising above the storm and discord of the troubled years. I liked the white graceful figure of the "Listening Woman" standing with her hand to her ear, listening to the music. She could have stood as a symbolic figure of Vienna waiting for the Great Powers to decide her fate.

Conducted by an enthusiastic young man representing the Vienna City Council, I visited the outskirts of the city and saw the tremendous work being done to re-house the people, for many thousands were rendered homeless as a result of the war. Successive great blocks of flats have risen up, surrounded by parks and recreation grounds. Alongside these new houses—for the building of which every householder in Vienna has to pay a special tax—there are homes for the old people, schools and kindergartens for the children. I was told that 60% of the families in Vienna were childless while one out of every three was over sixty. War took special toll of the young and vigorous, and of the children.

For years the problem of what to do with the masses of rubble and debris seemed insoluble. Then a Swedish process was introduced and the concrete, stone and broken bricks were pounded together into a new material. Now a new city is rising, constructed from the ruins of the old. These workers' flats were plain and serviceable but—in the centre of the city—every care

is being taken to preserve the baroque style of the old buildings. Formerly St. Stephen's Cathedral was roofed with thousands of wooden tiles, coloured silver and gold. These were burnt by the Nazis; every one has been replaced in the original shape and colour—only they are made of steel.

Although there are four armies of occupation still in Vienna, foreign troops are not much in evidence. The Russians are most obtrusive because of their gigantic emblems—the Red Stars outside the hotels they occupy. One of these is decorated in the centre with bas-reliefs of Lenin and Stalin. In the Stalinplatz—a big square where there was fierce fighting—there is a huge column surmounted by the figure of a Red Army soldier. At its base are two modern army tanks. This is a victory commemoration erected by the Russians. But the Viennese remember too well the horrors of the fighting when many of them had no food, no fuel, no light, heat or water. People were dying of hunger in the city shattered by shell fire. The column—if it remains—will mark a time of catastrophe just like the historic monument in the Graben. No doubt history will take note of the Russian part in driving Hitler's troops out of the city. But Vienna would like to see them go now and, in fact, is impatient for the departure of all the occupying forces. The P.E.N. Congress was part of the larger Vienna Festival held to celebrate the restoration of national freedom.

Although the Austrians have every reason for bitterness because of their treatment by all the belligerent forces, their one desire now seems to be to live in peace and friendship with their neighbours to the East and the West. They will not join any military bloc and they hold to a policy of strict neutrality. They have their border problems and feel a keen sense of injustice at the Austrian pocket in South Tyrol being cut off from the homeland. But I did not find among them any who favoured violent means of rectifying the border.

The subject for discussion at the P.E.N. Congress was "The Theatre as an Expression of Our Times" and the consensus of opinion was that no great developments in world drama had taken place anywhere in the post-war world. People, it seems, are feeling too bewildered and helpless to create new drama. There is no world-sweeping urge comparable with the strong belief in democracy after the first Great War. Drama does not arise out of cynicism, disillusion or frustration. Yet often it does arise out of periods of trouble and confusion, as I reminded the Congress when discussing Irish drama. I found myself feeling all the time that real drama was not in the Congress but outside in the streets of Vienna, those battered streets where people were working day and night at tasks of recon-

struction and where they were hoping that, after all these years, when the foreign troops were withdrawn, they would be able to build up a life of their own, a life of friendliness, of comfort, spacious enough to include music, art and the joy of gracious living.

I talked to an elderly Countess, erect and resolute, a woman of firm features and strong character. She told me how, when the fighting spread over the city, she took the engine out of her motor car, put two farmhorses in front and a cart behind. She packed her six grandchildren in the car and loaded the cart with food for them and hay for the horses. Then she set off to drive over the hills to the Tyrol. She took the children out of the war zone and saved their lives. This was only one story of many. As I see it, Austria is now attempting to take the whole nation out of the war zone and is using its influence to eradicate the war mentality in the world.

At the opening public session of the Congress the President—Mr. Charles Morgan—devoted much of his address to warning writers of the West against possible attempts of their colleagues from behind the Iron Curtain to enter the P.E.N. Even if they accepted the P.E.N. Charter, he urged, it was impossible to accept their decision in good faith. Later in the Congress proceedings it was made plain that the President was simply giving his own independent opinion and not speaking for the P.E.N. Yet it seemed that a great opportunity was lost in Vienna when the example of the city and the nation was not followed by issuing a clear call for good will and amity between the nations and the writers. Now that the statesmen of the world, from India, America and Britain, have joined in deprecating the "cold war" mentality, it would have been a splendid gesture for the writers to have approached their own problems in the spirit of Vienna.

R. M. Fox

"I ASK NOT..."

I ask not from Heaven that it give fortune or power
I ask but a garden apart where for the brief hour
That we are appointed to live
Of earth the delight that is nearest divine might be mine
To live in the love of the friends of my heart.

ZEB-UN-NISSA

DOWSING AND RADIESTHESIA

[**Mr. T. Bedford Franklin,** M.A., F.R.S.E., is the author of several valuable books such as *Good Pastures*, 1945, *Science and Reality*, 1947, *A History of Agriculture*, 1948, and *Radiations*, 1949. In this important article on an obscure and difficult subject, he points out that radiesthesia is only new in name and has begun where dowsing left off. This is yet another needed reminder of the enlightening and humbling effects of the discovery of connections and correspondences between ancient and modern knowledge. —Ed.]

The dowser and his rod have a very ancient history and are to be found all over the world. Agricola, in the middle of the sixteenth century, aptly pointed out that the rod did not move of its own accord, but only in the hands of sensitive persons. For hundreds of years dowsing was confined mainly to the search for water and minerals, though on occasion it was used for discovering witches, criminals, Catholics, Protestants, hidden valuables, dead bodies, lost people and even the seats of disease in the human body. So in its various uses dowsing marks the periods in history when witchcraft, religious intolerance, highway robbery and epidemics of plague and other infections were rife. And radiesthesia—as the diagnosis of disease in the human body is now called—is only new in name, having been part of the stock in trade of the mediæval dowser.

Thanks to the intensive research of the last twenty years, the techniques of the modern dowser and his medical counterpart, the radiesthetist, have been revolutionized, and both of them now have a selection of scientific instruments with which they can check the results they get with rod or pendulum. Early in this research it was found that a skilled dowser would react to ultra-violet rays, X-rays, the Beta and Gamma rays of radium, and short-wave wireless. Thus high-speed particles and high-frequency radiations both produced the dowsing reaction, and the skilled dowser appeared to be a combined ionization counter and short-wave wireless receiver.

The dowser's rod is held in a position of unstable equilibrium, and is kept stable by pressure exerted by the muscles of his arms. Any change in the strength of these muscles, not automatically adjusted by the dowser himself, causes the rod to become unstable and turn over. It was found that the actual changes of muscle strength, at places where the dowser got his reactions, could be quite considerable and amounted to several pounds when he was exerting his maximum pressure on a dynamometer held at arm's length straight in front of him.

This discovery of an exact relationship between the behaviour

of the ionization counter and the reading on the dynamometer and the dowser's muscles and nerves enabled these instruments to be used as a check on the dowser's reactions, thus minimizing the errors that occurred when the dowser allowed his mind—or someone else's by autosuggestion—to upset the workings of his rod. The reality of this danger of autosuggestion was demonstrated on many occasions when a skilled dowser was working over a known neutral area where no rod reactions were to be expected. A hidden observer, with a pair of binoculars, watched the dowser promenade over the selected neutral area and willed him to make his rod turn at any chosen spot he was bound to pass by concentrating on that spot and saying to himself, "Now," as the dowser reached it. In most cases the experiment was entirely successful, and it was obvious that a dowser on a serious survey should work by himself and not in company with other operators or spectators.

Not only the mind, but also the physical presence of an observer, can upset a dowser's reactions, and I have often given a demonstration of dowsing blindman's-buff by standing blindfolded in the middle of a large grass lawn and asking any observers to encroach on to the lawn one at a time and advance towards me. Before they had moved more than a few yards, a reaction of my rod warned me of their approach, and so long as they played fairly and advanced singly I could halt them all before they got anywhere near me. It seemed as if all human beings were surrounded by an aura of concentric rings of reaction spaced about 27 feet apart and the passing of these over the dowser caused his rod to turn over and gave certain warning of their approach.

Later on it was found that all moving objects, pedestrians, cyclists, motorists, lorries, trains, ships and aeroplanes, produced the same effect as they passed a stationary dowser; or if the objects themselves were stationary the dowser would get reactions as he approached them, so that no skilled dowser using his rod and moving slowly in the dark or blindfolded would ever run into any sizeable obstacle.

All this suggested that the contention of many skilled dowsers that everything radiated—or, as we preferred to say in more general terms, that everything was surrounded by zones of influence that caused a dowser's rod to turn over—had much evidence in its favour. So it was decided to experiment in the laboratory with some of the elements and see if we could actually measure with accuracy the spacing of the zones of influence of such things as carbon, copper, iron, lead, silver and tin. It was found possible to do this by means of several instruments—neon tubes, modified Crooke's radiometers and vibrations on pools of mercury viewed under

a microscope—and the spacing of the zones of influence seemed to be related to the square root of the product of the atomic weight and atomic number. And, conversely, using a radiation of the frequency so found, it was possible to excite each element tested and produce considerable heat in it by so doing. This is done commercially in making plywood from layers of plastic and wood which are heated by applying two different frequency radiations to excite the molecules of wood and plastic and thus to bind them together into a piece of plywood.

Eventually a single instrument was evolved to pick up the influence from all types of moving targets which consisted of a neon tube, set on the threshold of flashing over, which passed the response through a wireless amplifier to a magnetic tape recorder, which drew a picture of the responses automatically and left a permanent record without human intervention of any sort. When the instrument was adjusted to the right sensitivity the pen on the tape recorder traced a horizontal line, but a human being approaching from a long way off produced at regular intervals of about 27 feet travel a sharp peak above the horizontal line; the peaks became sharper and higher as the pedestrian approached and passed the instrument and then gradually died away and allowed the pen to trace a horizontal line again as the pedestrian receded into the distance.

As the target became more complicated—a man on a bicycle, a motor car, an aeroplane—the responses became more complicated and consisted of clusters of peaks close together with longer intervals between them. Of all our targets an aeroplane gave the most complicated pattern on the tape and unless the tape recorder was run at high speed the groups of peaks tended to run into each other owing to the plane's high velocity.

These tape records are evidence enough that all matter is doing something, even if we still do not know what. It reminds one of the words of Sir Arthur Eddington in his book *The Nature of the Physical World*, where, speaking of the atoms and electrons, he says :—

> Something unknown is doing we don't know what : it does not sound a particularly illuminating theory. I have read something like it elsewhere,
>
> . . . the slithy toves
> Did gyre and gimble in the wabe :

There is the same suggestion of activity. There is the same indefiniteness as to the nature of the activity or what it is that is acting.

Before these researches closed ten years ago, one more point was discovered which was obviously of great importance in radiesthesia. The zones of influence of inanimate objects appeared always at the same spacing, while those of a human body varied considerably in spacing according to the general health and well-being of the individual. This

with all its implications has become one of the basic principles of radiesthesia, to which we must now turn our attention.

Radiesthesia is so new that in its modern form it has begun where dowsing left off, and is now in process of developing new techniques and new instrumental aids just as dowsing did years before. But at the start the radiesthetist depended on the swing of his pendulum, just as the dowser did on the turn of his rod. This was natural since the rod could be carried easily at a good walking pace out of doors, while the pendulum was more suited to the confined space of the laboratory or consulting room. But the pendulum has always seemed to me to be much more prone than the rod to errors from wishful thinking on the part of the operator or autosuggestion from the patient.

In these early days most of the diagnosis of disease was done with the aid of scientifically prepared samples or "witnesses" as they were called. The patient sat at one end of a rule scaled in inches and the witness was placed at the other, and the operator by the aid of his swinging pendulum found the balance point of the field strength of the radiations from the patient and the witness. Deviations of the balance point from the half-way mark were significant: a balance on the patient's side of the half-way suggested deficiency, on the witness' side infection or disease of the organ.

So a chart could be prepared of important glands, organs and tissues which would be characteristic of the individual patient and could be filed for reference and for noting the changes at a later examination after a course of treatment. Obviously a thorough overhaul was a lengthy process; to produce a characteristic chart for a patient might take several hours, while rechecking an old patient would take about an hour or more. Many of the original techniques had to be abandoned because of the time limit of a consultation, and new devices and variations adopted which were quicker than the old. One well-known practitioner told me in 1949 that he thought it was true to say that most of the techniques were in a state of flux for that reason.

Meanwhile, in a Paris laboratory, research was going on to adapt the principles of radar to radiesthesia. Radiations from the patient were picked up on a special detectometer and then amplified ten thousand times before being passed on to a cathode ray oscillograph or to a loudspeaker. With this apparatus a normally healthy person gave a reaction at about 8 metres' distance —almost identical with the distance found by the neon tube and magnetic tape machine already described—and this distance dropped to as low as 6.5 metres in a person with a high degree of morbidity or

deficient cell vibration. But it is agreed that some people of high general vitality may have a high reading in spite of the onset of serious illness, so that radiesthesia must at present be used only as an adjunct of medical overhaul, and not as a complete alternative to normal medical procedure.

As the detectometer scans the patient's body a specific pattern for each predominant disease is produced in the oscillograph and a characteristic sound is made in the loudspeaker. These patterns and sounds can be photographed or recorded, and thus a complete record of the characteristic behaviour of the patient can be made very quickly and used for comparison at a later examination after treatment. The instrument has also verified the accuracy of pendulum diagnosis in the hands of an expert; its great advantages over the user of the pendulum are its speed and the permanence of its records.

This strictly scientific approach and the modesty of the claims for the new instrument inspire a confidence in medical radiesthesia for the future, when sufficient evidence has been collected to enable the operators to interpret the patterns given by the oscillograph and the records of the loudspeaker. And it does away with the impression, fostered by the makers of new and expensive pendulums, that the pendulum receives the impulse and is the source of the reaction rather than the hand that holds it.

T. BEDFORD FRANKLIN

A REMARKABLE DOWSER

"Nevertheless, there are cases of dowsers successfully locating water in arid lands. The most remarkable of these was Major Pogson, at one time official water diviner to the Government of Bombay. His appointment occasioned much criticism, but he amply justified his salary. Out of one series of 49 wells sunk in places he indicated, only 2 failed to produce water. Many of these wells were in chronically drought-stricken areas where well-boring by orthodox methods usually failed to yield any supply. Unfortunately Major Pogson's faculty has never been submitted to experimental investigation, and he himself believes that outside the natural surroundings in which he is used to working he might not succeed."

Psychical Research Today.

By D. J. WEST

SOME REFLECTIONS ON COINCIDENCE

[We welcome this first contribution to our journal from **Mr. Kenneth T. Dutfield,** a keen observer of the ordinary events and hidden mysteries of daily life. Many modern men of science have been preoccupied with the task of narrowing the sphere of the unpredictable. Some of us, however, are prepared to accept the recurrence of random and unforeseen events. A few are willing to go further and perceive patterns and regularities in apparently accidental phenomena. What we call "coincidence" the ancients attributed to the strange workings of the law of Karma, the law of cyclic return and universal causation. The novelist's contention that coincidences do not happen, to which Mr. Dutfield refers, has not invariably been observed even in more recent times. Hardy and Dostoievsky, for example, displayed an uncanny skill in using the device of coincidence to create a realistic and ominous atmosphere in some of their novels. Mr. Dutfield sensibly assumes in this article that "the most extraordinary and even fantastic chains of coincidences constantly occur."—Ed.]

It is a fact well known to any bank-clerk or shop-assistant that customers never arrive during ordinary working hours at even approximately regular intervals of time. Rationally speaking, there is no reason why they should not do so—why, for instance, in a fairly busy store the salesman should not find that the shoppers he has to deal with during his busiest hours approach him singly every few minutes. According to any reasonable interpretation of the law of averages, that is precisely what they ought to do. Yet in fact this simply does not happen; a slack period is followed by an exceptionally busy one, during which several purchasers have to be attended to at once. When the accumulation has been disposed of, the public servant concerned can always expect a further lull until the next rush. If he is curious enough to wonder why this happens, he will not be able to find any really satisfactory explanation, except the somewhat improbable one that prospective clients habitually assemble on the pavement before the entrance until a self-appointed or elected leader says to the company: "It appears that we now have a quorum," and the group enters, *en bloc*.

Apart altogether from seasonal cycles in any commercial or industrial undertaking, a "busy period" is rarely consistently or uniformly busy. No matter how great the quantity of incoming work over the whole period, it will display a similar tendency to behave like the waves breaking on a beach: to pile up and suddenly fall, then to retreat before a renewed onrush.

It happens often that we inexplicably receive hardly any letters from anyone for weeks at a time; then everyone, it seems, decides almost simultaneously to write to us.

These somewhat banal (but none the less mysterious) phenomena, together with many other similar ones which will perhaps occur to the reader, are examples of what C. G. Jung has called "the law of the reduplication of cases," the strange tendency of events to repeat themselves during short periods of time. The sudden incidence, for example, of a very rare and totally uninfectious disease will often immediately be followed by another case of the same illness in the same town or country. Jung himself has mentioned in this connection a professor of psychiatry who, giving a lecture to students, said: "Gentlemen, this is an absolutely unique case—tomorrow we shall have another just like it," which indeed, if not on the next day, very soon after did actually come to pass.

The connection between such a repetition and the "clustering" of customers in shop or office may at first glance seem to be far from clear. Yet the classes of phenomena are essentially of the same nature. We can perhaps illustrate the relationship between them by such universal proverbial sayings as "Troubles never come singly," or—since joys never come singly either—the German proverb "*Alle guten Sachen sind drei,*" which is paralleled by our own traditional belief that every piece of ill fortune will soon be succeeded by two others. In the course of each individual's life a lengthy uneventful period of time is always the prelude to a shorter and more "concentrated" period in which events crowd upon one thick and fast.

Again, of course, a clear distinction must be made between a course of events which we know to be rationally and logically effected and determined by past causes, and the strange way in which the result thus effected manifests itself in time. There is nothing occult about the causation of trade cycles, at least in this sense; we can always expect a familiar cause to produce in due time its expected result. Yet the tendency of separate but similar events to aggregate, to coalesce or bunch together within a short period, even when they are, in themselves, to our complete satisfaction accounted for as logical effects, reveals something of a mystery for which it is hard to account rationally. Often we feel instinctively after many months, or even years, that things are about to happen, apparently independently of any efforts of ours to bring them about. The septennial cycle of our life is often marked in such a manner. It is probably true that our capacity for action is itself periodic, so that we seem to pass cyclically from a long dormant period to a shorter and more wakeful one—the daily and nightly rhythm of sleep and wakefulness being repeated, as it were, on a more extended time scale—with the difference that the wakeful period is

now relatively the shorter one. Yet during this shorter period, when our vitality and our creative ability seem enhanced, it is not only we ourselves who cause events to happen: things happen *to* us and around us as in our dreams, beyond our control and in rapid succession, compressed within the short period.

This irrational alternation of eventful periods with "tame" ones seems to occur also in the history of a civilization; in comparison with "the long week-end" of 1919–1939 the present age in Europe shows a striking dearth of new cultural activity, and only in the political sphere is it as eventful as the era that followed the first world war.

The ancient belief in omens was certainly based on observation of the same curious tendency. A strange or unusual event, it was believed, was necessarily preceded, within a relatively short time, by premonitions or pre-indications of it in the form of other unusual events on other planes of being—not merely because the connection between different and apparently separated and individual events is always much closer than we suppose it to be, but also because the appearance of the abnormal manifests an interference with, or a disturbance of, that regular rhythm of existence which reveals itself throughout the process of nature. The total fact that the world is what it is and not otherwise depends upon the co-operation (in the true sense of the word—the working together) of an enormously large number of quasi-independent organisms: organic or vital systems and physical, chemical or inorganic configurations. The rare occurrence of abnormalities should itself prove that the universe (*Kosmos*="order") is ruled by law; that "chance" plays a very minor role in it. If this were not the case, the world of life would have long since disintegrated in a general carcinoma of its cellular systems.

Although we have no idea why this should be so, it is normally impossible, for instance, that intercourse between a dog and a cat should produce offspring (perhaps less because of the physical or biological differences between the two mammals, which are after all small, than on account of the remarkable psychic contrast—as P. D. Ouspensky suggested—between the self-contained, eternally individualistic and unapproachable cat and the sociable and "democratic" dog). Yet, perhaps once every few centuries, as recently in Italy, cat-dog hybrids are born and survive. It would be interesting to know whether any similar cases have recently been reported.

One of the signs by which we can nearly always recognize the advent in our lives of a new eventful period, and at the same time confirm the extraordinary extent to which these periods are to all appearances beyond our control, is the frequency with which certain books come

suddenly into our lives—books perhaps written long ago, though they may be quite new to us—which appear to us to have been written by a curiously gifted, clairvoyant author with an intimate knowledge of the problems which beset us, of the thoughts which currently press on our minds with such urgency, of the more than ever unforgettable names of persons and places which now begin to haunt our memories and sometimes our dreams as well. At times like these we feel almost tempted to agree with the suggestion which Aldous Huxley put into the mouth of Spandrell in *Point Counter Point*—that the fantastic (and, incidentally, rationally scarcely refutable) philosophy of solipsism may be true: paradoxically, "events are qualitatively modified to suit the person they happen to," and every man has his own universe: the world is an emanation of myself, and its whole content the product of my mind as the reflection of the cosmic Logos, with no objective, but only a subjective existence in me. Everything which surrounds us at such times acquires endless significance, and then, when our creative powers are at their highest, it seems that our self, in this hyperæsthetic phase, actually succeeds in bringing to life around it —again as in dreams—a host of *figures symboliques* (Keyserling used the phrase for the title of his own French translation of his *Menschen als Sinnbilder*—"Men as Symbols") —of shapes and forms which express its essence.

Perhaps this is the key to the mystery of the reduplication of cases, in its most occult as well as its most commonplace manifestations: the same inter-attractive force which urges and impels together unicellular organisms to form —by a certain surrender or abandonment of their individualities—a multicellular symbiosis, may apply to events in time, an event in this sense being always a creative conjunction of individual with individual, or of the individual with the sought object which he desires to make use of, take to himself or transform. By etymology, both "coincidence" from Latin and "symbol" from Greek mean a falling-together. Every such event thus represents, and comes into being by virtue of, a certain variation of the constituents of the universe as a whole, of its totality of events. These components are, in their eternal shiftings and replacements, adjusted by cosmic forces to form a pattern, like the multicoloured facets of a kaleidoscope or the cusp-degrees and planetary positions of an astrological map. This "favourable" situation brings together into a complementary relationship all those like entities, mutually sympathetic units, which have hitherto failed to find their meeting places or their true relationships with each other. The *Zeitgeist* changes from day to

day and indeed from moment to moment; that is why it is always possible for each of us to have his day. If the Tao, this universal pattern, is always there for the exceedingly wise to perceive and make use of, its eternal uniformity is nevertheless reflected diversely, according to the passage of time and change, in the world of phenomena, and everyone finds, if only once or twice in a lifetime, that the time is right for him also, that his "day" has come.

Any desirable entity acts as a point of magnetic attraction towards which successive waves of seekers will make their way. When the time comes for one to go forth and search, he will always find fellow seekers on the road. This is true in the most general sense, throughout the world of life and action. It is also true that the principle operates equally in reverse: if the individual desires, and if his desires are sufficiently powerful and above all steadfastly and consistently directed towards their object, this object will in several forms actually make its way towards the seeker, even when the desire is not consciously expressed.

Desire or longing for that which *is not yet,* reveals itself as the ingress into our world of an extra-rational force lying beyond our space and our time, but capable of realizing itself in terms of these. Emerson understood this very well when he asserted that our prayers are *always* answered—"...since we are sure of having what we wish, we [must] beware to ask only for high things." Most men find it very hard to see the truth of this statement, but they fail to understand that if our ardent desires appear not to have been realized in the forms in which they were conceived, that is because they are rarely conceived clearly. Our *negative* desires—our wish to escape from a situation—are generally much more passionately held than our positive ones—to replace the intolerable situation by a clearly envisaged new set of circumstances—and that is why we so often find our way from the frying pan into the fire.

If we are in a happy and contented frame of mind, we find that, when we pass among our fellow men in the city streets, far more of them than usual reflect in their expression and their manner our own at-one-ness with the world; and, conversely, dissatisfaction or melancholy in our souls are reflected in our whole environment. Of course it can be argued that we unconsciously select those figures and appearances which agree with our current view of the world, and to some extent this is true. Yet it is not the whole truth, as close observation will convince us. We do not merely select and ignore: objectively, the event coincides with our desire, whether this is for success or for failure.

In this connection we may also consider the general occurrence in

our lives of everything which we usually put into the category of "coincidence." It is a curious convention, and one almost universally observed by writers of fiction, that coincidences do not happen, and a novelist who ventures to depict coincidental happenings in his work is, for some strange reason, regarded as having transgressed the accepted standards of what is permissible in a "good" novel. This unwritten but none the less firm legislation as to what may be done and what may not be done in the world of the novel is strange indeed; for a close retrospective examination of the course of our own lives or a careful study of published biographies will convince us that the most extraordinary and even fantastic chains of coincidences constantly occur. A pattern of events in our own life is accompanied by other happenings within our environment lacking any apparent causal connection with the things that are happening to us; but these other happenings fit into the general pattern.

KENNETH T. DUTFIELD

JOYCE CARY AND ELIZABETH BOWEN

Mr. Stanley H. Best, Regional Representative of the British Council at Madras, prefaced his analysis of the work of Joyce Cary and Elizabeth Bowen at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on August 25th and 27th, respectively, with an outline sketch of the development of the English novel from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* to the present day.

Passing over with a brief mention *The Horse's Mouth* and Cary's many other novels, Mr. Best chose for analysis *To Be a Pilgrim* in which the author puts his own belief in duty, faith, joy and love in the mouth of his far from heroic chief character. Tom Wilcher recognizes that a man's life is mean or noble according to the ideas that he holds. The power of Cary's creative imagination gave the reader of his novels the feeling of living history.

Both writers were gifted painters in words. Whereas, however, Cary saw life as a journey through chaos and turmoil, with duty as the salvation, Elizabeth Bowen dealt powerfully in several of her novels with the power of innocence. She saw it as the answer to the tragedy of emptiness. Mr. Best gave a masterly analysis of the poignant story of the betrayal of innocence by experience in *The Death of the Heart.* He did not accept L. A. G. Strong's verdict on the "villain" of the novel as "one of the most brilliant cads in fiction." Miss Bowen showed the betrayers to have been themselves earlier victims of betrayal. She saw innocence pitted against the apathy and impotence into which many in the modern world have fallen. The betrayal of innocence, of the inner life, to the world, as by Anna's reading and telling about Portia's diary, she considered to be a loss of the inner life without which everyday life became meaningless.

WHOLENESS IN OUTLOOK AND RESPONSE

[A plea for wholeness in our way of life has often been made in this journal but can it be made too often in our schizophrenic civilization? Without doubt, we can well afford to return repeatedly to a consideration of those cardinal truths that are conducive to "growth in holiness" and freedom from frustration. **Mrs. Phyllis Taunton Wood** writes here on a perennial theme with humility and insight.—Ed.]

What does it mean to be a man? Life and death, the journey of a mortal—these are all deep mysteries, but men who seek a worthy goal in life must feel the need to shed at least a little light on those vast themes. We cannot get so entirely outside our own nature as to put the question with complete detachment, but, even with this limitation, we may come to some conclusions.

The first fact that strikes us is that man is imperfect, growing, incomplete—whether we regard the individual or the race. There is some profit in an examination of the words "wholeness" and "perfection" as understood in ancient times. The Greek word *teleios*, used in the New Testament for "perfect," means also "complete," "full-grown." This last suggests a physical as well as a spiritual sense. The Greek word for healthy, *hygies* (connected with "hygiene"), was in ancient use quickly transferred from the physical sense of "healthy" or "hearty" to mean also "trustworthy" or "sound." They spoke in ancient Greece of "a healthy proposal," using this word.

So, both words cover the whole man, physical and spiritual, and suggest his unity. We recall with some misgiving that Jesus said to his followers, "Be ye therefore perfect [*teleios*], even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." He also asked the significant question of the man at the Pool of Bethesda, "Wilt thou be made whole [*hygies*]?" Lest we should be discouraged in our enquiry, let us also recall that he said, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed... nothing shall be impossible unto you."

We accept then the assumption that we are imperfect creatures of growth and, in consequence, we must relate our idea of human wholeness to that of growth. It must be an integrity, a balance of all our powers and faculties, so that we gain by every experience and seize every possibility of new development. The foundation of wholeness rests on our gaining a sound and wide conception of God, perhaps under many names—a growing conception, but at least rightly oriented. Where man has had a small or falsely circumscribed idea of God, the race has come to a halt.

In my view, the Western countries, while owing much to the revelation of Jesus, have not gained nearly enough from him and have taken wrong lines of development because they did not fully understand or accept his revelation. In it men were offered a tremendous release from fear, a release which is far from being fully appreciated or accepted today, which should have led to a change from the dominance of fear to the love and adoration of Deity. We are still far too much subdued by the notion of a Divine Sultan before whom we cringe as "unworthy servants" or of a hostile "Nature" which may destroy us.

Sri Aurobindo writes in his *Synthesis of Yoga* (Sri Aurobindo Library, Madras. 1948):—

...the divine Guide within is not offended by our revolt, not discouraged by our want of faith or repelled by our weakness; he has the entire love of the mother and the entire patience of the teacher. But by withdrawing our assent from the guidance we lose the consciousness, though not all the actuality—not, in any case, the eventuality—of its benefit.

The conceiving of the idea that Divine love surrounds a man individually marks a birthday for the soul. Suddenly the sky clears. I am a weak creature, dismayed at my own vacillations, but God is on my side. Nothing can defeat me in the end. "If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there also." Perhaps the Jew who wrote this did so in fear, but with what relief and joy can we repeat it!

A document from ancient Egypt (from the *Corpus Hermeticum*) may spur our imaginations:—

Think that for you nothing is impossible. Deem that you too are immortal and that you are able to grasp all things in your thought, to know every craft and way of science. Find your home in the haunts of every living creature. Make yourself higher than the heights, and lower than all the depths. Think that you are not yet begotten, that you are in the womb, that you are young, that you are old, that you are dead, that you are beyond the grave. Grasp in your mind all this at once—all times and places, all substances and qualities and magnitudes together...*then* you can apprehend God....Everywhere God will come to meet you. Everywhere He will appear to you, at places and times at which you look not for it....For there is nothing which is not God. And do you say God is invisible? Speak not so....Who is more manifest than God? For this very purpose has He made all things that through all things you may see Him.

As we meditate humbly and in self-forgetfulness, the visions of all who walked this path before us cling about and help the richness of our thought and our delight. The sun, a basketful of jewels; the birds, those miracles of grace, like a darting melody; the trees with their ancient, tranquil life; the streams, diamond-clear and beautiful, quenching our thirst and reminding us of the perennial foun-

tains of "Living Water" which restore both body and soul: each created thing holds the bliss of God.

Not all will call Him or It by the same name, and in this fact we find a fresh stimulus to our discovery. It is of God that Keats wrote, "I have loved the principle of Beauty in all things." (To Fanny Brawne. February 1826)

These considerations will lead us to wholeness in outlook. What is the resulting conception of man and his goal?

For a whole life, man needs both society and solitude. Each state is needed for his development. As life goes on, he begins to see the purpose moulding him. In the complexity of his experience he can discern, if he reflects, three pairs of opposites, or "disapproving partners."

The first pair is flesh and spirit, animal and divine; or, as an Indian writer might say, the dweller in Ignorance and the Self.

> Man! swinging-wicket set
> Between
> The Unseen and Seen....
>
> Yea, and the midge's hymn
> Answers the seraphim
> Athwart
> Thy body's court!

So writes Francis Thompson of the angelic and the animal making their bridge in man. How to resolve the tension?

Sri Aurobindo in an impressive passage of his great work, *The Life Divine,* recalls that in ancient Indian culture the four-fold scheme of life

> provided for a period of education and preparation...a period of normal living to satisfy human desires and interests under the moderating rule of the ethical and religious part in us, a period of withdrawal and spiritual preparation, and a last period of renunciation of life and release into the spirit. (Vol. II, Pt. II, Ch. XVI)

This system failed, he says, partly because all could not traverse the whole cycle in a single human life. It did much to raise the tone of human life, but was eventually replaced by

> an exaggeration of the impulse of renunciation which destroyed the symmetry of the system and cut it into two movements of life in opposition to each other, the normal life...and the abnormal or supernormal inner life founded on renunciation.

After early childhood, we soon become aware of the tension. At times we seem to fall back and live completely in the animal phase. Much of our behaviour which causes us distress is a legacy from that more ignorant life from which we rise. The body draws us one way and the spirit another. To make them work in harness we have to learn to meet the tension in a patient but resolute fashion. Appetite has to become the desire for the Infinite. The partners must learn mutual respect: the spirit, for the fine sources of energy in his exquisitely complex house of flesh; the body, for the noble and consistent direction which

the spirit can give to that energy. We suffer from destructive anxieties, excessive devotion to the will of the herd, delight in idleness and untamed passion.

An Austrian biologist reminds us that in order to see ten minutes of significant activity among wild geese you must watch them idling for eleven hours! Since their nature does not demand more activity outside the mating season, they love idleness. No wonder that man too in his animal nature feels the great drag of inertia, though he has another destiny.

Again, it is instructive to consider the behaviour of Lorenz's tame jackdaw which, when out with him bicycling, would join a flock of jackdaws and fly a mile ahead. Then it would suddenly remember him, and fly back, and all the wild flock after it: then turn again and repeat the process. We see here the origins of our yielding unreflectively to crowd emotion. For them it is a means to security, but once more we have a different goal.

How then can we harness these unequal partners, the animal and the divine? The solution seems to come to man when he is awakened to a strong spiritual purpose. Then the body learns to co-operate rightly as the subordinate partner. When man is "enthusiastic," he finds God.

The second pair of opposites between which we have to find a balance exists in the alternating rhythm of awareness and activity or, as we might say, night and day. In sleep we are at our most passive, resting and receptive. Without relaxation and quiet listening, vitality languishes and the spirit withers. In quiet the voice in the depth of the self can be heard. Everyone has met in all phases of life—business, education, art—the man who talks continually and pursues activity feverishly, asserting the importance of all he does until he collapses. He has not learnt to harness these opposites.

Beauty in this world is the pledge of God's love to us, yet few regard it so attentively that they really find its meaning. When he saw the flower which the Buddha regarded, the disciple smiled, and Lord Buddha said: "You have understood." We should be receptive to the natural world, the birds, the flowers and the trees, not for our profit but for their own truth. Gerald Heard says of modern man that he knows "the use of everything and the value of nothing." That is true of the man who is active but not aware. We need to withdraw for a space of time from appearances to preserve our vision of inward truth, which is a refreshing dew to the parched spirit.

Tradition and experience are the third pair of opposites in man's consciousness. Our family, our religion, our school, our parents, all these together present us when young with a scheme or picture of life and the world about us. This is our framework for life, and at first we do not

question it. We assume that the people of our own race are the most sensible, that our fashions of eating, playing, worshipping, are the norms from which only the unfortunate and the exile will differ, "My country, right or wrong."

In many ways we soon find that our own experience does not tally with the framework handed on to us, useful though it has been. In this position, we must have reverence for truth, and *neglect no fact of our experience, pretending that it is false or negligible.* This is a condition of growth. We may notice traces of degrading animal nature in ourselves or others, and we like to forget these things. We find our fellow countrymen judging wrongly and do not speak our minds; we feel guilty at trifling social misdemeanours or even mere failures to conform; a respect for truth would make us honestly bold. "Many are afraid of God, and more of Mrs. Grundy," said Frederik Locker Lampson. This is a serious fact.

Finally, it is a part of wholeness to remember that there is bliss in Deity as we learn to be more aware of It, *Sat-chit-ananda.* We see that we too are made for joy and abjure the conventional worship of suffering for its own sake. In every difficult situation Spirit-Self is challenging us to find It and to grow. There is literally no point of place or time where Deity is not hiding under the mists of appearances.

PHYLLIS TAUNTON WOOD

BEYOND THE "I"

Beyond the "I" am I,
The Absolute,
Beyond the all, am I,
The All in All,
The soundless music of
The Infinite,
Vibrating to an ancient
Cosmic call.

I am the sweetness that
No tongue can taste,
The shimmering colour that
No eye can see.
I am the I beyond—
The Absolute,
Cast off the "self" and come
To blend with Me.

HESPER LE GALLIENNE HUTCHINSON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

"A HEAVY TOME"*

When does an era end? And when does a new one begin? At the time when Alaric and his hordes were sacking Rome, the then Roman Emperor was busy feeding his poultry in Ravenna. "Sire," one of his eunuchs broke to him the sad news, "Rome has perished." "Yet," the surprised Emperor cried out, "it has eaten from my own hands a few minutes ago!" For, Procopius tells us, he had a very large cock named Rome, and the eunuch, comprehending his words, explained that it was the city of Rome—the capital of the Western world—which had perished. "And, my good fellow," the Emperor answered with a sigh of relief, "I thought you were referring to my pet fowl Rome." To this imperial poultry-fancier the fall of the Eternal City did not mean a thing—least of all, the end of an era. But the thoughtful African Augustine—Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo—realized the challenge of its implication. And his answer to this challenge was the *De Civitate Dei,* the monumental *City of God,* which no student of history—pagan or Christian—can afford to ignore. The fall of Rome led him to make a general survey of the *civitates.*

About a thousand years later, Ibn-Khaldun saw that the Saracenic domination over the Iberian Peninsula was doomed to end soon. An era, he observed, was ending. But was a new one beginning? What caused the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires? What lay at the root of epoch-making events? Was there a law governing the movements of mankind? For clarifying his own views on these and other issues rather than for convincing any patron, Ibn-Khaldun wrote his *Maqaddamah*—the Prolegomena to his Study of History. The pitiable state of affairs in the Islamic world of his day brought forth from Ibn-Khaldun treatises of abiding importance, works which entitle him to be called the founder of the modern science of sociology.

Now an empire has come to an end, an empire greater in extent than the one overthrown by Alaric and his followers, more populous than the combined Arab countries traversed by Ibn-Khaldun, an empire the like of which never existed in Asia before the advent of the British. What else was the erstwhile Indian Empire if not unique? When one takes into account several thousand years of India's history, the British period appears comparatively brief; nevertheless, it was the period during which the common man in the Indian subcontinent enjoyed probably a greater degree of security and prosperity and personal freedom than in any other epoch. And until the turn of the century it looked as though the Indian Empire created by the British impact would last till the Millennium: it was one of the least taxed and best administered countries of the world; the rule of law and not the whim of the local administrator regulated in the main the lives of its inhabitants.

And yet what looked permanent only fifty years ago now belongs to the limbo of the past—one with Nineveh and Tyre, gone for good, never to return. What happened? Did not the common man welcome the British adventurers towards the beginning of the nineteenth

* *A History of India.* By J. C. Powell-Price. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Edinburgh. xv + 679 pp. 63 plates; 25 Maps. 1955. £2. 2s.)

century? Towards the middle of the century there was a mutiny among some regiments—the total number of the mutineers was small, so ridiculously small that the more eloquent commentators on the Mutiny have conveniently suppressed it and forgotten to mention that the common man manifested no great sympathy for the mutineers. In fact he had nothing but good words and sympathy for the British administrators. And yet the same man was an altogether different being by the middle of the twentieth century: he was worshipping the very people whom the imperially minded Britons had condemned as seditious, irresponsible mob-orators. What brought about this transformation?

When an empire comes to an end it behooves the more serious historians to examine the causes of its dissolution. It is time for some soul-searching analysis of the symbiosis between the common man in India and his British administrators, the symbiosis which brought the Indian Empire into being and contributed to its growth for many decades. So far as India is concerned, at least one outstanding book has come out: *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* by Nirad C. Chaudhuri (Macmillan). But what about Britain? By a strange irony of fate the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent seems to have become the exclusive concern of a number of pamphleteers—pugnacious partisans, well-meaning but ill-equipped apologists, interested traders, and others of their sort. Few qualified historians have come forward to reassess the past, both remote and immediate, in the light of the latest discoveries and recent happenings.

It should therefore be all the more welcome that a former Director of Public Instruction of the U.P. should now give us the result of his thirty years' labour in the field of Indian history. Though it purports to be India's story from the remotest past, about half of it is taken up with the decay of the Moghul Empire and the British Period. This in itself need not be a defect: for the story of India is so vast and complicated that it would be well-nigh impossible to treat all the periods with equal importance in a single volume suitable for the general reader. The publisher of the book assures us that special attention has been paid by the author to the social history of each period and to the development of religious ideas, philosophy, art and architecture.

One opens the book with high expectations, and soon discovers that the publisher's claim is hardly justified. This sumptuously produced tome is a bore. It cannot be compared with any of René Grousset's masterly surveys. It lacks the charm and grace of H. G. Rawlinson's *India: A Short Cultural History* (Cresset Press), and the utilitarian convenience of Vincent Smith's *History of India* (Clarendon Press). One wonders what kind of readers the author had in mind when he laboured on this ponderous work; it is not interesting enough for the general reader and not detailed enough for the university student. Moreover, it is peppered with surprising assertions, *e.g.*: Aurangzeb was every inch a king, Ramakrishna preached a "back to the Vedas" gospel, Hindus were averse to education among women, etc. (By the way, what is education?) These are, however, minor matters compared with the main issue referred to earlier. The bibliography is poor—no dates or publishers are mentioned; many of the more important works issued during the last twenty years have been left out; continental Indologists have been virtually ignored. Two of the plates bear wrong captions. The index is unsatisfactory. One will get more information about art and architecture in *A Handbook for Travellers in India* (Murray) than in this heavy tome.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE

Poems from Iqbal. Translated by V. G. KIERNAN. (Wisdom of the East Series. John Murray, London. xxviii+112 pp. 1955. 5*s*.)

In a fairly long and stimulating preface to *Poems from Iqbal*, Mr. Kiernan says that "Iqbal might be summed up as, in the broadest sense, a *political* poet, one concerned with men as social beings." Muhammad Iqbal (1873-1938) wrote in Persian as well as Urdu, though the poems chosen for translation are taken from his poems in Urdu; all of these are relatively short.

Having pointed out that, when Pakistan was set up, Iqbal was "canonized as a founding father," the translator goes on to make the ironic observation that, while dead poets moulder in official shrines, living poets frequently moulder in official jails. With regard to the dispute whether Iqbal stood for the traditional or progressive forces in Islam, Mr. Kiernan asserts that his lifelong teaching was that religion must always guard against "the Pharisee, the dogmatist and the charlatan, and that a people must go forward or die."

One ought not to omit to mention that a valuable technical note on the original poetry has been provided. Of the translations themselves it should be said that they succeed in conveying atmosphere. Yet here, as so often with poetry in translation, one has the impression that even at their best the English versions necessarily fall short of the Urdu.

ROBERT GREACEN

Walt Whitman Abroad. Edited by GAY WILSON ALLEN. (Syracuse University Press, New York. xii+290 pp. 1955. $4.00)

This book is a judicious collection of critical essays from Germany, France, Scandinavia, Russia, Italy, Spain and Latin America, Israel, Japan and India, on Walt Whitman. British criticism of Whitman is not included. The selections range from criticisms of early editions of *Leaves of Grass* during the last century to modern appraisals; the translations have been conscientiously executed by eminent writers. The book is supplied with a valuable bibliography and is liberally documented.

From Germany the editor has culled Hans Reisiger's loving appreciation of Whitman in his introduction to his fine translation of Whitman's works: also, Ferdinand Freiligrath's first introduction of Whitman to German readers in 1868. Whitman's influence appeared earlier in France. The first critic was Louis Etienne, who, in 1861, could see in him only an intolerable literary "rowdy," but by the 1920's Whitman's reputation was at its height. An extract entitled "Whitman's Symbolism," from Jean Catel's major biography and critical study of Whitman, has been translated. The story of the rise of Whitman's influence in Russia is most interesting. During the early years of the revolution Whitman was as a god to the poets and Stephan Stepanchev thinks it is not an exaggeration to say that Whitman is now a Russian as well as an American author. The volume concludes with Dr. V. K. Chari's Indian contribution, which first appeared in THE ARYAN PATH, January 1954.

J.O.M

Moulding Forces. By SAM SHANKMAN. (Philosophical Library, New York. 175 pp. 1955. $3.50)

This is a philosophical novel, the story of a young boy at the beginning of the century in Russia. The boy is a Jew and that fact is one of the forces which moulds him. Zionism contributes the metaphysical element, with its Utopian dream of a promised land.

Pogroms following the Revolution of 1905 drive David to follow his elder brother to the United States. From the time of his arrival in the States all pretence at period drops away. His problems become contemporary. Does his brother talk like a man of 1908 or of today? Joe is a Socialist and his influence is described as injurious and blighting. He had, we are told, read *Das Kapital* and his "entire process of mental development was arrested." That is not convincing unless the character of Joe makes it plausible. As it is, we merely meet in Joe the cardboard figure of an all-too-familiar bogey.

The philosophical principles which this book attempts to expound on a literary level are potted neatly in strategically placed paragraphs. Work hard, David is told, make sacrifices, practise self-denial. Read good books. Make friends with high-class men and women. Eat the most nutritive and least costly food in season. Dress conservatively, in good style, save money, do not waste time in dissipation. Get a good girl and go into business for yourself. Select a well-settled neighbourhood. And more of the same kind. There is nothing objectionable in these rules David is given. It is only that the philosophy, if it is philosophy, is not assimilated fully to art. The reader is left with the feeling of having read a moral tract rather than a story. The book is, no doubt, a worthy and well-meaning Guide for the Emigrant to the United States.

LILA RAY

Hungry People and Empty Lands: An Essay on Population Problems and International Tensions. By S. CHANDRASEKHAR. Preface by WILLIAM VOGT. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 306 pp. 1954. 18*s*.)

Dr. Chandrasekhar has written a substantial and remarkably lucid study. On the urgent and complex questions he deals with there are many views but, as he admirably summarizes them, three main schools. One holds that, even after counting in all likely improvements in production and distribution, the world's food supply will not keep pace with an unchecked growth of its population, and hence a "logic of reduced rations" will compel those countries whose rations are already low to apply preventive measures to the growth of population. Dr. Chandrasekhar finds the evidence strongest for this school.

This is heavy news; for Dr. Chandrasekhar is a demographer of eminence and has the respect of those who, combining the views of the other two schools, hold that present statistical knowledge is insufficient for final conclusions but believe that, by sufficiently adjusting diet, by replacing our habit of "plundering the planet" with ecological harmony and by abandoning national acquisitiveness, man can probably find enough in nature to sustain all his generations.

Admittedly, this involves more moral effort than the "birth control by an oral pill" for which William Vogt has hopes. But the effort is worth making; for the psychological and ultimate human cost of artificial birth control may be more terrible than we imagine. At the worst, the economic case is only for a check upon population growth; cultural factors must be the ones to determine the means.[1]

Dr. Chandrasekhar's arguments on emigration from underdeveloped areas to closed, virgin ones are admirable,

[1] Cultural influences have necessarily to be treated summarily in a book like this. To appreciate their diversity and force such a study as *Culture and Human Fertility* (UNESCO, 1954) is valuable.—R.P.S.

as is his sense of the inescapable oneness of our world's destiny. The appendices on the race question and freedom of emigration bring out important truths, which (in spite of the difficulty William Vogt finds in educating the Senator McCarrans) the world must act upon.

To whichever school one may belong, this book must be read for the clarity with which it sets out the problem.

R.P.S.

The Permanent Revolution in Science. By RICHARD L. SCHANCK. (Philosophical Library, New York. 112 pp. 1954. $3.00)

The theme and scope of this book are impressive. In brief, it is a study in the evolution of scientific method since Newton started experimental science fairly on its way, and it concludes with an account of the ideas of Edgar Singer and the work of the Institute of Experimental Method he inspired, which represent, according to Mr. Schanck, "the emergence of methodology."

Mr. Schanck's account of the evolution of scientific method is interesting, particularly his examination of the transition from Newtonian mechanism to the statistical methods evolved in micro-physics. He chooses Marx and Freud as pioneers of "the basic thing both meant: modern scientific method," but we cannot help feeling that Mr. Schanck has to abstract too much from their theories to justify this view. Certain important tools of analysis these men did offer (together with claims for them that later scientists have considered exaggerated), but their own practice is surely not a good example of how to offer scientific evidence.

The book is erudite, but hardly mellow. Revision of style and some rearrangement of material would make it more lucid. Besides, we find the casual depreciation of metaphysics unnecessary and the belief that present scientific thought is the deepest so far achieved by man naive.

R.P.S.

Culture and Human Fertility. By FRANK LORIMER AND OTHERS. (Unesco, Paris. 514 pp. 1954. $4.50; 25*s*.; 1250 fr.)

This "Study of the Relation of Cultural Conditions to Fertility in Non-industrial and Transitional Societies," to which Frank W. Notestein has contributed a Foreword, is published under the auspices of the International Union for the Scientific Study of Population (Committee on Population Problems of Countries in Process of Industrialization) in co-operation with Unesco. Four of its five Parts report statistical investigations in Africa and Brazil.

In introducing Part One, "General Theory," Professor Lorimer writes:—

> Cultural inertia, such as that likely to result from the breakdown of social institutions and the disorganization of personal relations, tends to leave elemental impulses toward procreation relatively unrestrained, and thus to hamper any rational adjustment of reproductive patterns to objective conditions. In the opinion of the present writer, it is the most powerful obstacle in the modern world to the rational ordering of personal behaviour influencing population trends.

While the conclusions are admittedly tentative, he denies validity to a widespread belief that may spur nations to rash industrialization, declaring it to be clear from the record that

> the rapid introduction of mechanical industries into a previously non-industrial society does not automatically bring a trend toward increased control of fertility.

This study brings out how complex the matter is and how limited our knowledge.

R.P.S.

The Meaning of the Creative Act. By NICOLAS BERDYAEV. Translated from the Russian by DONALD A. LOWRIE. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 344 pp. 1955. 18*s.*)

This is an early work, written in 1914, when Berdyaev was forty. He added a Preface to the German Edition of 1926, explaining that he later inclined to greater pessimism. Nevertheless, *The Meaning of the Creative Act* is still a remarkable and deeply stirring book. Despite repetitions and carelessness of style, it has the intense impact of keen diagnosis, of one who has really pressed his mind's ear to the heart of the troubled world and given a new meaning to its old sickness. His thesis is that the human spirit is in a prison in the world of necessity. Slavery to this world causes hatred. Freedom is the only way out, and it is to be found in love.

He criticizes the Christian Church for teaching that human nature is sinful. It is a terrible mistake of religious and moral judgment to leave man in the lower depths of the world, under the mistaken impression that he must be obedient to the results of his sin. Berdyaev says that the Church must learn that for man the creative act is liberation.

Philosophy, according to him, is an art—the art of knowing. When it becomes a science it fails in its prime purpose. Attempts at perception of the external world produce only knowledge of the surface of things. The solution of the riddle of meaning is hidden in man himself.

To want to know ourselves, however, is not enough. Knowing is a creative act, and we cannot expect to have knowledge of freedom from a slavish submission to necessity. Only the free man knows freedom; only the creative man knows creativity; only the spirit knows the spiritual.

He argues that hitherto the traditional morals of the Christian world have not been creative. The creative New Testament morals have only been glimpsed, like lightning flashes, in the lives of such chosen saints as St. Francis. The spirit of the Church Fathers has been primarily a spirit of obedience and submission rather than the spirit of love. Christians have been obsessed with getting rid of sin.

He is suspicious of occultism. He says that popularized Theosophical teaching is religiously reactionary, oriented towards the past, and hostile to creativeness. He believes that Rudolf Steiner saw Christ in chemistry, and not in God.

We may reject or accept Berdyaev's philosophy, but we cannot ignore it. He is a spokesman of the torn and afflicted world in which we live. Unlike the majority of philosophers who get published today he does not evade the current problems and moral issues that challenge mankind. Indeed, Berdyaev was so far ahead of his time that one might claim that he was an even greater prophet than he was a philosopher.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

[From the passages in this book that are indexed under "Theosophy" it is clear that Berdyaev does not mean by this the precisely defined system from which Madame Blavatsky promulgated some portions. Indeed he does not refer specifically to any text that students of Theosophy would consider a loyal exposition of that system. He seems to use "Theosophy" as a name for a class of philosophies: he says on p. 312 that "the theossophy of Boehme is infinitely superior to modern and popular theosophies."

Probably Berdyaev's acquaintance with Theosophical literature was imperfect. His criticisms of the Theosophical concepts of evolution and man (pp. 310-12) do not apply to the scheme of threefold evolution presented in Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine.* As for Rudolf Steiner, who at one time was a student of Theosophy, his main teaching diverges sharply from that of Theosophy.

—ED.]

The Faiths Men Live By. By CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER. (The World's Work (1913), Ltd., Kingswood, Surrey. xvi+280 pp. 1955. 18*s*.)

This careful, and on the whole accurate, account of more than fifty different religions is well summed up by Erwin R. Goodenough, Professor of the History of Religion, Yale University, when he says:—

> There are few so learned that they will encounter nothing new and interesting in it, and yet it never gets beyond the scope of the ordinary reader.

It is, indeed, a gigantic task to summarize the world's great religions and also give some careful detail of differing beliefs and ceremonies in a modest book of under three hundred pages, and the author is to be congratulated on the clear and unbiased accounts he has given. No doubt students of certain religions may feel that corrections are needed here and there, but any criticism rests chiefly on the interpretation of expression. For instance, he states that Madame Blavatsky "revealed her remarkable, original theories regarding the evolution of man and his religions," whereas she was very careful never to claim any teachings as "her own" but stated that they were the teachings of all the ancient scriptures.

The author states that the book aims "to help people appreciate the good in religions other than their own." He also emphasizes the helpful and optimistic understanding of other faiths, in that "every man glimpses a truth" and throughout the account of differing faiths, especially the very varying departments of Christianity, he does his best to show the good and the spiritual.

It is of particular interest to educationists to read that recently, in the United States, it has been decided to teach *about* religion, and that it is proposed that courses on Comparative Religion, once only dealt with in the Universities, should be given throughout the Public Schools. One feels that such an idea should be encouraged throughout the world; for, as the author states in his preface, "All faiths have their deep wells of inspiration and every religion of man deserves our reverent study."

This book will, indeed, be a help to such study. It has an excellent index and the twenty-one chapters are well planned, although the differing sects of Christianity take up an enormous slice of the book. The only helpful addition for future editions would be a comprehensive book-study list.

ELIZABETH CROSS

Men Seeking God. By CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 117 pp. Illustrated. 1955. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

For the television series on which this book is based, Mr. Mayhew made film interviews, in different countries, of followers of five world religions: the Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, Jewish and two Christian (Protestant and Roman Catholic). For television purposes, emphasis was placed on the personalities of the adherents, rather than on the background of their faiths. Small anthologies from the different religions are included in the book.

Mr. Mayhew's own summing-up concludes that while the religious beliefs contradict one another, the religious experience is common to all and of supreme value in the search for the "vision of Reality." One wonders if Mr. Mayhew has ever heard of the Buddha's parable of the blind men and the elephant—how each described that portion of the elephant which he alone had felt (the forehead, trunk, ear and so on) and had therefore contradicted the others in describing "the elephant."

As far back as 1875, against a world-background of antagonism or indiffer-

ence, the Theosophical Movement began its work for three objects, the second of which is: "The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences and the demonstration of the importance of such study." It struck the keynote for much activity since then in the field of comparative religion, but the most vital point put forward by it has been sadly neglected, *i.e.*, that all the different religions spring from a single *Wisdom Religion* anterior to them, of which they are partial expressions. Theosophy is, therefore, not another religion, but the reconciler of all religions. It is the key-picture by which one can begin to build up "the elephant" from the fragmented portions; how else would one know how to put them together? It enables one to place the religions in position to show the one organic whole. Can the search for God ignore this?

W.E.W.

Understanding Jesus Christ. By McEwan Lawson. (Herbert Jenkins, London. 185 pp. 1954. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

This book is a lucid, sincere and stirring attempt to present to confused Christians a rational and inspiring version of Christ, in harmony with the findings of modern scholarship. It brushes aside much that is repulsive or incredible in Christian teaching and reveals a Christ of compelling power, in his radiant humanity, his assurance of his own oneness with God, and his faith in the essential divinity in every human being. Not for this author the horrible doctrines of hell and retribution. How could the Father of the Prodigal Son ever consign a child to eternal punishment? It is man himself who does this, not God. How could the God revealed by Jesus be a stern judge unwilling to forgive until a sufficient ransom had been paid? The God of Jesus Christ must be, like himself, eternally loving, forgiving and suffering for and with His children. Not for this author any exclusive or apocalyptic ideas of what Jesus meant by the Kingdom of God: "He called men to live in a new realm of consciousness by dwelling in God the Father's love" (p. 87).

Whence came the power that made this Galilean peasant the most important figure in history? From his courage, his capacity for love and friendship and his absolute assurance of his oneness with God.

The book, of course, is written for Christians, and it is to be hoped that it will be widely read by them. Readers of The Aryan Path will probably find one important thing missing. Nowhere in the book will they find even a hint that the same power, splendour and greatness ever have been or could be achieved by any other great Son of God. The writer, though clearly an accomplished scholar, seems to be wholly unaware that much that he writes is equally true of the Buddha and that his definition of the Kingdom of God as taught by Jesus, "a new realm of consciousness . . . invading human hearts *here and now*," and his faith in the divinity immanent in man, are the essence of the Vedanta.

Margaret Barr

Abhogah-Kalpataru-Vyakhya (An exhaustive Commentary on the *Kalpataru*, a Commentary on the *Bhamati* of Vacaspatimisra). By Laksminrsimha; edited with Introduction and Notes by Polagam Sri Rama Sastri and S. Subrahmanya Sastri. (Madras Government Oriental Series No. CXXVIII. Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras. xl+28+971 pp. 1955. Rs. 20/-)

Every author, editor or publisher who brings out a Sanskrit text of some

literary value renders some service to the cause of Sanskrit literature, as a major part of the extant manuscripts of Sanskrit texts are not even known, much less studied by the votaries of Sanskrit learning. The Government of Madras must, therefore, be heartily congratulated by all Sanskritists upon starting its Oriental Series and publishing volume after volume in it.

This ponderous volume contains a voluminous Commentary called *Abhoga* on the *Kalpataru* of Amalananda Sarasvati (*c.* A.D. 1250) by Lakshminrisimha, a scholar from Andhra, whom Professor S. S. Sastri identifies with Lakshminrisimha, the son of Kondu Bhatta, a nephew of Bhattoji Dikshita. The *Kalpataru* is a Commentary on the Commentary *Bhamati* by Vacaspatimishra (A.D. 840) on the *Shamkara Bhashya* on the *Brahmasutras*. For the first time the entire *Abhoga* Commentary has been published critically in the present volume. All students of Vedanta are laid under a deep debt of gratitude by the two scholars who have spared no pains in the careful editing of the text and in writing the elaborate footnotes in Sanskrit and the critical introductions in English and Sanskrit.

The author of the *Abhoga* strictly follows the views of the *Kalpataru* and at times criticizes the views of the commentary *Parimala* by Appaya Diksita (*c.* A.D. 1550-1600) on the *Kalpataru*. Though the *Abhoga* is a late commentary on the *Kalpataru* it is valuable not only on account of its spirit of independence but also for its usefulness in finding out the correct readings of *Bhamati* and *Kalpataru*.

P. K. GODE

Introduction to Philosophy. By MAX ROSENBERG. (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York. 502 pp. 1955. $6.00)

There has been a reproach against modern philosophy that it has become more the possession of a technique than the revelation of wisdom. This book is an answer to such a reproach. It attempts to divest philosophy of all its obscurities and present the main problems of human life with the solutions offered by the greatest minds down the centuries in a lucid, non-technical manner. In this attempt the author succeeds admirably. He has with apt quotations, in which the book is extraordinarily rich, piled up the arguments of various thinkers both for and against every possible position taken by them. The nature of knowledge, the ultimate reality, the meaning of death, the significance of life, the ultimate postulates of God, human freedom, the immortality of the soul, man's place in the cosmos, the nature of the Good and the Beautiful, social organization and the good life—all are capably analyzed. Opposing views are juxtaposed and the author often commends the middle path—the golden mean.

The special method of exposition adopted makes the subject into a series of debates on opposing points of view. The reader is thus enabled to gain a comprehensive idea of the philosophical quest and can thrash out the problems for himself with the help of the material provided by this book. It is a useful, valuable and elegant contribution, calculated to enlighten the man in the street on the fundamental quests of the soul. Max Rosenberg has brought out an eminently readable book.

D. GURUMURTI

SPACE—TIME—RELATIVITY

[As coincidence would have it we have before us two short reviews of an interesting volume by the late Mr. J. W. Dunne. They bring two points of view which, no doubt, will interest our readers.—ED.]

Intrusions? By J. W. DUNNE. (Faber and Faber Ltd., London. 159 pp. 1955. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The author's two previous books, *An Experiment with Time* and *The Serial Universe*, were, for books of that type, best sellers, particularly the first of the two. But readers of them were sharply divided into two categories: those who were satisfied with Mr. Dunne's chain of reasoning and those who found flaws in his chain of reasoning and consequently derived no satisfaction from his conclusions. Unfortunately the writer of this review belongs to the latter category and this must be borne in mind by readers since it is impossible for him not to be biased by the author's previous works.

The present book was written during the war when Mr. Dunne was in a very poor state of health and it is partly a restatement of old ideas and partly an "intrusion" of autobiographical sketches. It is doubtful, however, whether the word intrusion, which has provided the title to the book, is an apt one since all the sketches have a bearing upon the author's theories. The most important of his conclusions are: first, that the mind and brain are distinct, the relative movement between the two being known as "the passage of time"; the second, that all minds are part of the One Universal Mind. Mr. Dunne's last book is interesting and well written and it will undoubtedly appeal to all admirers of his previous works.

KENNETH WALKER

Intrusions? By J. W. DUNNE. (Faber and Faber Ltd., London. 159 pp. 1955. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

A distinct originality of thought and treatment characterizes this posthumously published last work of the author, which he long "funked" writing but wrote when inspired by a premonitory dream asking him to hurry. Other interesting dreams and experiences—intrusions?—are recounted in the autobiographical portion of the book, perhaps the most interesting from the ordinary reader's standpoint.

The real significance of the volume, however, lies in the earlier chapters which explain anew the author's favourite theory of Serialism, according to which whenever one tries to probe one's relationship to this world of *Maya*—"the seeming world in which you seem to exist," as Mr. Dunne puts it—one's concepts begin to "recede in a curious succession of backward *jumps*." These happenings in the thinking apparatus lead the author to the conclusion that the mind is not only separate from the brain but is also part of one Universal Mind which transcends the Einsteinian relativistic concept of a four-dimensional space-time continuum. The diagrammatic proofs furnished and the mathematical appendix afford considerable light and scope for further research by aspiring students.

R. BANGARUSWAMI

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[We publish here in a slightly condensed form the paper presented at the Institute by **Major-General S. L. Bhatia, M.D. (Cantab.), I.M.S. (Retd.)** on July 26th, 1955, under the chairmanship of Air Commodore S. N. Goyal. It is a balanced and valuable contribution on an important subject.—ED.]

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE OF CIVILIZATION

Ever since I came to Bangalore last May, I have been deeply interested in the work of the Indian Institute of Culture, and I regard it as both a privilege and a pleasure to speak on this platform.

It is with some diffidence that I have selected "Science and the Future of Civilization" as my subject. I, however, make no apology for this selection, for is not the question of the future of civilization worrying most of us in these troubled times? What is to be the fate of civilization, if science continues to advance, and if some of the scientific discoveries, like the atom and hydrogen bombs, are employed for the destruction of the human race, rather than for its welfare? The consequences would be so grave that we are filled with horror at the very thought of them. In our desperation, we look for some merciful way out of this *impasse*; and any attempt at finding a solution, however modest it may be, is worth while. Unfortunately the atmosphere today is surcharged with fear and mistrust among the nations, but some light on the horizon is dimly visible.

Science is not a new thing; it had its origin in the remote past. India, China, Arabia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece and Italy have made important contributions to it in the old days. It is a part of the continuous history of mankind from ancient times. In studying it, however, it is necessary to have some landmarks. As a medical man, I may perhaps be forgiven if I choose a date which is important in the history of medicine but which is also a landmark in the history of science generally: the year 1543.

In this year 1543, Andreas Vesalius published in Basel his book *De Humani Corporis Fabrica* (On the Structure of the Human Body), which marks an epoch in the history of medicine and of science. Why does it mark an epoch? The answer is beautifully given by Sir Michael Foster. According to him, prior to Vesalius the position was somewhat like this:—

> In the times of the Greeks, mankind had made a fair start in the quest of natural knowledge, both of things not alive and of things living; the search had been carried on into the second century of the Christian era, when Galen expounded the structure and the use of the parts of the body of man. As Galen passed away, enquiry, that is to say, enquiry into natural knowledge, stood still. For a thousand years or more the great Christian Church was fulfilling its high mission by the aid of authority; but authority, as with the growth of the Church [it] became more and more potent as an instrument of good, became at the same time more and more potent as a sterilizer of original research in natural knowledge. The church held the gates of learning, and they who entered were bidden to tread her path and hers alone. Her methods became the methods of all scholars....The pursuit of truth ceased to be the looking into the phenomena of nature and the seeking for the reason why; it narrowed itself to asking what the teachers taught. The method which had proved triumphant in the search after things spiritual was taken to be the method of all enquiry, and biologic enquiry was no exception. As the Holy Scriptures were the bible for all men, so the works of Greek and Latin writers became the bible for the anatomist and the doctor. Truth and Science came to mean simply, that which was written and enquiry became interpretation.

Andreas Vesalius was a Belgian, who was born at Brussels in 1514. He studied at the University of Louvain, and later in the University of Paris at the feet of the famous Sylvius. He was subsequently made a Doctor of Medicine of the Uni-

versity of Padua, and appointed Professor of Surgery in charge of Anatomy in that University. Here he taught anatomy in his own way by dissection of the human body and not merely by narrating what Galen had written. He thus introduced into Medicine the spirit of direct enquiry, the method of observation as against interpretation.

The work of Andreas Vesalius was thus a revolt against authority as the guide in knowledge. He shattered the idol of authority in anatomical science for all time.

The year 1543 is also important in the history of science. In that year was published Copernicus' great work *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestrum,* in which he gave a new interpretation of the skies, and postulated the movement of the earth. Copernicus was also at Padua.

Following the tradition laid down by Vesalius, there is the famous name of William Harvey, who was the first to demonstrate the circulation of blood in man. He was born at Folkestone in 1578 and was a student first at Cambridge, then at Padua. When Harvey reached Padua in 1598, Galileo was there as Professor, and was making his immortal discoveries in physics and astronomy. He founded the new school of exact and mathematical physical science, which had a profound effect on the history of human thought. His investigations covered not only the realm of sun and stars, but also the working of machines and the fundamental properties of matter.

Padua University thus took a leading part in the revival of learning in the sixteenth century.

The sixteenth century, especially the year 1543, was a notable period in the history of Europe. These were stirring times and there were strong undercurrents of thought. The Reformation was abroad. Luther was living his last years—he died in 1546, and Calvin was strong at Geneva; but the order of the Jesuits was already in existence and the Inquisition held Spain in its grip. It was the heyday of art. Though Raphael had been dead for three and twenty years, Michelangelo had nearly as many yet to live, and Titian was in his prime. The great exponent of one of the oldest of sciences, astronomy, Nicolaus Copernicus, closed his eyes in this very year. The new learning was everywhere working like leaven. The old universities were expanding, and new ones were springing up everywhere. The worth of the Greek tongue was preached by the learned. Moreover, learning was being spread as well as made; printing in Europe had seen its hundredth birthday, and the presses of Vienna and other cities were pouring forth the means of knowledge. The night of the Middle Ages had passed to the dawn of modern times. Further, the spirit of adventure was in the air. Some twenty years before, Cortez had conquered Mexico; some ten years before, Pizarro had laid hold of Peru.

It was in such exciting circumstances that the spirit and work of Vesalius, Harvey, Galileo, Copernicus and others contributed to the European Renaissance in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—a new era in human thought and science, as we know it today. Science may thus be said to have commenced its fruitful career about four hundred years ago. The scientific revolution which has taken place in Europe in these centuries will count amongst the great adventures which have helped the advancement of the human race. It has affected the inhabitants not only of Europe, but of all parts of the globe.

This Scientific Revolution led to the Industrial Revolution; the two are closely interrelated, and form part of one movement which has changed and is changing the face of the earth. This change has been accelerated, decade by decade. In the first half of the twentieth century, it gained a previously un-

dreamt of terrific momentum. The result was the emergence of a kind of Western civilization which has cut itself away from the Greco-Roman heritage, and even away from Christianity itself. It is, however, no longer confined to the West, but is profoundly affecting also the lives of the people living in the East, and all parts of the earth.

Men have been anxious to apply this science to promote human happiness and welfare. Francis Bacon always laid stress on the immense utilitarian possibilities of science. Science has undoubtedly great potentialities and has proved of great service to mankind, as in food production, nutrition, the cure and prevention of disease, healthier conditions of work and play, industrial production, the production of power, engineering, rapid means of transport and communication and so on. For the progress of science an original and enquiring bent of mind is essential, but it has ceased to be the occupation of a few; science has become an enormous organization today and is supported by the State and by industries on a big scale.

India has a fine record of scientific work to its credit. Many distinguished Indian scientists have made contributions to it. We have some very fine Science Institutes and Laboratories in India, which have done and are doing excellent work. During the last few years about seventeen new National Laboratories have been established in different parts of the country. We have certain important organizations whose function is to promote and encourage scientific research, namely, The Indian Science Congress, The Indian Council of Medical Research, The Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, the Indian Council of Agricultural Research, etc. Apart from scientific research in universities and colleges and in especially set up research laboratories, a certain amount of research is conducted also by some of the industries. Bangalore occupies a very distinguished position in the field of scientific research by virtue of the Indian Institute of Science, the Raman Research Institute and others. All this is to the good, but there is no room for complacency here. We have persistently to pursue this work on an increasing scale, for science does, undoubtedly, play an important part in relieving the distress caused by disease and poverty, in raising the standard of health and in promoting the happiness of the people.

India is playing an important part, especially, in using the atom for peaceful purposes. This work is under the supervision of the Indian Atomic Energy Commission. The Tata Institute of Fundamental Research at Bombay is the principal nuclear research centre in India. The Institute of Nuclear Physics and the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta, the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore, etc., are some of the other centres where this work is in progress.

It is gratifying that India's policy in regard to scientific research is most praiseworthy, as we have been striving to develop science especially for the welfare of mankind. All honour to our dear Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who has not only been promoting good will amongst the nations, thus reducing world tension, but has also been pioneering the advancement of science in his own Motherland, especially for peaceful ends. In this he has set a noble example, of which we may justly be proud. Recently he has said quite rightly that underdeveloped countries like China and India cannot attain a high standard of living on the basis of coal and oil alone, and that the only solution to this difficulty is offered by atomic energy.

So far as the peaceful uses of atomic energy are concerned the United Nations has adopted a proposal for establishing a new international agency

for international co-operation for this purpose. An international conference is to be held at Geneva from August 8th to 20th, 1955, when scientific delegates from some eighty countries will meet to study the technical and scientific factors involved and to explore the means required to develop atomic power for peaceful purposes on an international scale. Dr. H. J. Bhabha, a distinguished Indian scientist, is the President of this Conference, from which great results are expected.

Scientists are interested primarily in the discovery and pursuit of Truth, and not in its application. As an example of this, I may refer you to the "Conversations" of the Royal Society of London, which were held in London on May 19th, 1955, when exhibits intended to illustrate some of the more important lines of research were displayed in the Society's rooms. These included the songs of birds and the music of the spheres (detected by radiotelescope), the hearing of whales and the spinning of spiders' webs—subjects which have no special significance so far as their application for practical purposes is concerned.

But science, unfortunately, plays both a constructive and a destructive role in society. Because of the destructive use of science, now and then voices are raised asking for the cessation of scientific research in order that civilization may be saved from utter annihilation. But it is not science which is to be blamed for this; it is the political and military effects of the application of scientific discoveries.

The application of scientific discoveries can be controlled only by moral forces. As Professor A. V. Hill quite recently said:—

> It depends on the corporate sense of ordinary men of what is fair and decent, or bad or unjust....It is no good asking the scientists alone to provide such ethical control, or the technologists. It is useless to demand that nuclear energy should not be developed, lest its products be used as bombs. It is senseless to argue that Microbiology should be stopped for fear of biological warfare, that public health should not be advanced, because it will lead to overpopulation and famine; that control of human fertility should not be sought, if that offends some people on religious grounds, or that communications should not be improved because they allow the spread of propaganda and disorder. Research and its application will certainly continue.

It is a hopeful sign that certain voices are being raised against the destructive uses of scientific discoveries; and it is to be noted that scientists themselves are most emphatic in making this protest.

You are no doubt aware that Lord Bertrand Russell has recently started a campaign for peace. A declaration signed by himself, Einstein and some other distinguished scientists, draws attention to the tragic situation which confronts humanity and says that scientists should assemble in conference to appraise the perils that have arisen from the development of weapons of mass destruction. They warn us that the continued existence of the human race is in doubt. The new bombs are more powerful than the old. While one atom bomb could obliterate Hiroshima, one hydrogen bomb could obliterate the largest cities, such as London, New York and Moscow. The damage possible is even greater than this: the Bikini tests have shown that nuclear bombs can gradually spread destruction over a very much wider area than was originally expected, and the best authorities are unanimous in saying that a war with hydrogen bombs might put an end to the human race. The problem facing us is, therefore: Shall we put an end to the human race or shall mankind renounce war? The Statement says:—

> Most of us are not neutral in feeling, but as human beings, we have to remember that if the issues between East and West are to be decided in any manner that can give any possible satisfaction to anybody, whether Communists or Anti-Communists, whether Asian or European or American, whether White or Black, these issues must not be decided by War.

We should wish this to be understood both in the East and in the West.

There lie before us, if we choose, Knowledge and Wisdom. Shall we instead, choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels?

We appeal as human beings to human beings: Remember your humanity, and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new paradise; if you can not, there lies before you the risk of universal death.

The Statement finally ends in an appeal to all scientists of the world and the general public to subscribe to the following resolutions:—

In view of the fact, that in any future World War, nuclear weapons will certainly be employed and that such weapons threaten the continued existence of mankind, we urge the governments of the world to realize and to acknowledge publicly that their purposes cannot be furthered by a World War, and we urge them consequently to find peaceful means for the settlement of all matters of dispute between them.

This announcement by Bertrand Russell and other scientists is most timely and as far as I can see there cannot be the slightest objection to the Resolution they have proposed, to renounce war, and to settle all differences by peaceful means. I am sure all those present here would support it.

As you are no doubt aware, scientific method consists in examining the facts of nature by observation and experiment, in drawing rational inferences from them and then correlating them so as to form general laws. Science has faith in the intrinsic unity of nature, and its aim is to discover all-pervading laws.

In the task of social reconstruction which confronts us today the scientific method has a great contribution to make, its great advantage being that it applies reason to the understanding of the external world. To this we owe largely the advancement in civilization which has taken place.

The problems of today are different, as they deal with certain ethical aspects of technological advance and in the ethical sphere a further contribution is necessary. Opinions will probably differ widely, even amongst scientists, as to what contributions the scientific attitude of mind can make to ethical problems. If civilization is to continue to advance, and if full use is to be made of opportunities for the richer life which technical advances present, science must join hands with religion in thinking out what those possibilities are; for it is after all from religious teachings that the highest ethical principles are derived and they make the strongest appeal to us. Up to the present, it must be said, the scientists generally have lived in a small world of their own and their collaboration in the general cultural activities has been very small.

Some people think that science is ethically neutral. This is not so. The contribution which science has to make to ethics is very much greater than is usually understood. For instance, it was the scientists, not the non-scientific men, who protested against the use of the atom bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki before the Japanese had been warned. It is obvious that it is the scientists who, by virtue of their technical knowledge, know fully the harmful effects of the applications of their discoveries; and they can play an important part in deciding how these discoveries can be incorporated in the social life of the people.

Owing to the lack of good will and the mistrust which prevail amongst nations some scientific discoveries are used for political and military ends. This can be avoided only if the differences among nations are resolved by peaceful means and there is good will among them. To promote good will in all sections of the human race a complete change of heart is necessary.

In all our actions we are guided by our conscience. It is our first Master. This is, if I may say so, the voice of

God in us. The highest moral principles enshrined in our conscience are derived from the teachings of our great religious instructors. Conscience should guide us in our dealings with all human beings, of whatever colour or creed they may be. But at present the spirit of nationalism unfortunately serves as a limiting factor in all our dealings. We should extend our moral horizon so as to encompass the entire human race, so that the conscience of the individual becomes the conscience of humanity. This would be no less than a revolution in the ethical sphere. It would be in logical sequence to the Renaissance which resulted in the Scientific and Industrial Revolutions. It is up to us to bring about this change, for the very existence of the civilization of which we are so proud, and even the survival of human life on this earth, is at stake.

In order to bring about this change it is essential to have a wholesome synthesis of science and religion. We should realize that science is not opposed to religion, or religion to science. The two are complementary. I am not speaking now of any particular religion such as Hinduism or Christianity or Buddhism or Islam. To my mind the highest ethical principles taught by all great religious teachers are the same. They are all but different paths leading to the same goal. There should be no quarrel on any religious grounds whatsoever. There is a Unity of religions which we should learn to appreciate. In fact, nowadays educated men the world over are beginning to realize the similarity of the highest teachings of all religions. Nothing could bring humanity closer together than the attitude of mind which would pin its faith to Universal Brotherhood, which is taught by all religions and without which no good will amongst the nations is possible. I feel that India may possibly take the lead in bringing about this synthesis of science and religion which is so urgently called for. May I say that the scientific attitude and the religious frame of mind have much in common, for they are both searching for Truth?

Let us for a moment see how religion helps us in this matter. An essential condition for the promotion of universal good will is that we should not be so ready to find fault with our neighbours, knowing that we are not free from faults ourselves. Says Lord Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount:—

> Judge not, that ye be not judged.
>
> For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.
>
> And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?
>
> Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?
>
> Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

This applies with as much force to individuals as to nations. We must be charitable to all, for it is out of charity that good will arises.

I need hardly remind you, that one of the fundamental teachings of Buddhism is that we must be compassionate, not only to all human beings, but to all living creatures. "How does a monk become a partaker of Uprightness? asks Lord Buddha. The answer is:—

> A monk abstains from killing living creatures; he lays down the stick; he refrains from causing the death of living creatures; he lays down weapons. He is compassionate and tender-hearted; he seeks with friendly spirit the welfare of all living things. This is the part of his uprightness.

Let a man abstain from unkindness to his fellow men. The seeds of kindness, gentleness and compassion, which are lying dormant in his nature, will begin to grow spontaneously. By self-discipline we must tread that path, with our conscience as our guide. "Therefore, O Ananda!" says Lord

Buddha, "Be ye lamps unto yourselves. Be ye a refuge to yourselves. Betake yourselves to no external refuge. Look not for refuge to any one except yourselves."

Much good can result from the practice of noble teachings such as these. As an example—when my friend Professor A. V. Hill came to India during the last war he told me that a very happy relationship existed between King's College, Cambridge, and Berkeley College, Yale. It is a purely informal arrangement but is greatly appreciated by both the parties to it. They call it *Amicabilis Concordia*. When a member of the staff or a student of Berkeley College goes to Cambridge he is accepted as a member of the family by King's College. When a King's man goes to Yale he is made to feel at home at Berkeley College. When the Provost of King's College goes to New Haven he is received with honour by the master of Berkeley College and *vice versa*. This is a very happy arrangement which promotes international good will. We should have many such *Amicabiles Concordiæ* in all spheres of activity between different countries. They would help to resolve many of our differences in an amicable manner.

In conclusion may I say that science knows no barriers either of race, nationality, language, creed or colour. It is international in the truest sense of the word. For this reason, if for no other, it is well worth while to pursue it. It has proved of great service to mankind, and can continue to play a great part in relieving the distress caused by disease and poverty, and in promoting the happiness of the people. The ultimate aim of science is the welfare of mankind and it should be used for this purpose only, and not for destructive purposes. It is only by the use of moral forces that the use of science can be adequately controlled. Scientists are now raising their voices against its destructive use, and they should be given all possible support. It is necessary that science and religion should get together if our civilization is to survive and to continue to advance. We must appreciate the Unity of all religions.

It is my firm conviction and I cannot emphasize it too strongly, that the ultimate aim of religion is the same as that of science, namely, the relief of suffering and the promotion of happiness. Says Bhagavan Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* (*The Song Celestial*):—

> But for earthly needs
> Religion is not his who too much fasts
> Or too much feasts, nor his who sleeps away
> An idle mind; nor his who wears to waste
> His strength in vigils. *Nay, Arjuna! call*
> *That the true piety which most removes*
> *Earth-aches and ills*, where one is moderate
> In eating and in resting, and in sport;
> Measured in wish and act; sleeping betimes,
> Waking betimes for duty.

This is a great message for all humanity and we should all do well to listen to it with care and devotion. In the application of science we should be guided by the universal ethical teachings of Religion.

S. L. BHATIA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"——————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Max Eastman pays tribute to the great figure of Gautama Buddha in the August *Reader's Digest*. He gives a clear unbiased account of his life and enunciates his teachings in a brief and sympathetic manner. By placing the injunctions of the Noble Eightfold Path in Buddha's first sermon into the format of the Christian beatitudes he achieves a beautiful presentation.

Eastman shows that while Buddha believed in no personal deity he held to the great doctrine of an honest universe whose moral law is inescapable and every act brings its own reward or retribution. He commends the Buddha for substituting contemplation for vain ritual and prayers and places the success of his mission in its disarming tolerance. Buddhism has never persecuted a heretic or fought a religious war. Moreover, Buddha displayed the same tolerance in matters of belief in any authority unless one's own dispassionate reason confirmed the truth thereof.

While describing Buddha's life Max Eastman tells how he

> beheld with a kind of incandescent clarity the whole intricate concatenation of causes and effects which regulates this misery called life,

yet later adds:—

> It does not matter much what his beliefs about the universe were—its secrets will never be discovered by sitting under a Bo Tree.

This slight aspersion on the contemplative Eastern comes naturally perhaps to the Western mind and shows that Eastman has not allowed sufficiently for the metaphor of the "Bo Tree" which signifies just that very wisdom about the ultimate nature of the universe. In conclusion Eastman says that the Buddha's

> real and triumphant aim was to define accurately and teach a noble and happy way of living and dying in this present world.

———————

A delightful multilingual Poetry Recital arranged with the co-operation of Professor V. Sitaramiah and the several other participants was held at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, on August 20th and 21st. The enthusiastic reception accorded the Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada poetry presented, in the original and in English translation, showed how close are the bonds of cultural sympathy and appreciation between India's different language areas.

At the first meeting modern Tamil poetry was presented by Shri Tiruloka Sitharam, Editor of the *Shivaji Tamil Weekly* (Tiruchirapalli), and Telugu poetry by Professor Sampath Raghavachar of the Government Arts College, Anantapur, both of whom had come especially for the occasion. The resonant intoning of the Tamil poems and the musical chanting of those in Telugu made Western auditors regret the passing, centuries ago, of Western minstrelsy.

On the second day Professor G. Sankara Kurup of Ernakulam was to have presented Malayalam poetry. Prevented by sudden illness from being present, he had sent his introductory address and selected Malayalam poems with their English translations, which were read on his behalf by Mr. G. P. Thekaekara and other Malayalees. Professor V. Sitaramiah read beautiful selections from Kannada poetry and their translations, one or two poets present reading their own poems by request.

A cosmopolitan note was struck by a leading American poet, Mr. Karl Sha-

piro, who consented to recite two short poems from a sequence of his own on the Paradise myth. He also sketched interestingly recent trends in American poetry.

The Chairman of both meetings, the eminent Kannada writer Shri Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, took as the theme of his closing remarks on the 21st Professor Sitaramiah's inspiring Kannada poem, "Do Not Fear," which he called the prescription needed for our times. There was no fear for humanity as long as there were poets and poetry and the love of beauty; and poetry everywhere was one.

Current tendencies in Malayalam poetry were analyzed by Mahakavi G. Sankara Kurup in an article read on his behalf by Mr. George P. Thekaekara on August 21st in the Poetry Recitals from the Modern South Indian Literatures held at the Indian Institute of Culture.

The last three or four decades, he brought out, had seen a gradual change in literary emphasis. The classicist poets with their stress on form and imagery had turned from books to nature and to man. Influenced by familiarity with the great nineteenth-century English poets and by Rabindranath Tagore, Malayalam poets had turned to the lyric to express their love of beauty and the glories of man. The late Kumaran Asan had sung of love; Shri Vallathol sang of beauty and of a nationalism neither aggressive nor parochial. Both in literary language and in metres there had been substitution of Dravidian for Sanskrit phraseology and forms.

Leading Malayalam poets were humanists, looking more to the future than the past. There were today in Kerala two schools of progressive writers. One paid equal attention to artistic and social values and would evolve a progressive viewpoint from the basic ideals of both Gandhiji and Marx; the other considered Gandhism reactionary and Marxism a panacea. While recognizing romantic sentiments and naturalistic techniques, these affected a socialistic realism without being even critical realists.

Shri Kurup recognized the essential unity of Indian culture, but also the obstacles to mutual understanding of literary developments which the linguistic variety erected. He hoped that the Institute's first multi-lingual poetry recitals would pave the way to greater understanding and co-operation among the sister languages of South India.

Of all the religious buildings throughout the world, the Hindu temple is certainly that which lends itself most to commentary by philosophers and scholars. For the layman, who does not understand their symbolic meaning, the aspect of these temples with their accumulation of sculptured details, both interior and exterior, is disconcerting and foreign to our Western conceptions.

With these remarks M. Henri Marchal begins his preface to M. Gabriel Monod-Herzen's monograph on the Hindu temple, entitled *Evolution et Signification du Temple Indou*. M. Monod-Herzen holds the view that a symbol is not an arbitrarily chosen form representing a being or an object but must be psychologically true and possess the natural power of evoking certain ideas or feelings. On the basis of a study of the architecture of different types of holy buildings, M. Monod-Herzen concludes that the circle is the symbol of Heaven, the square represents the Earth and the mountain is the symbol of that which links Heaven and Earth, while the *lingam* represents not only divine creative energy but also the creative union of Heaven and Earth, spirit and matter. But M. Monod-Herzen is by no means dogmatic about these interesting interpretations.